

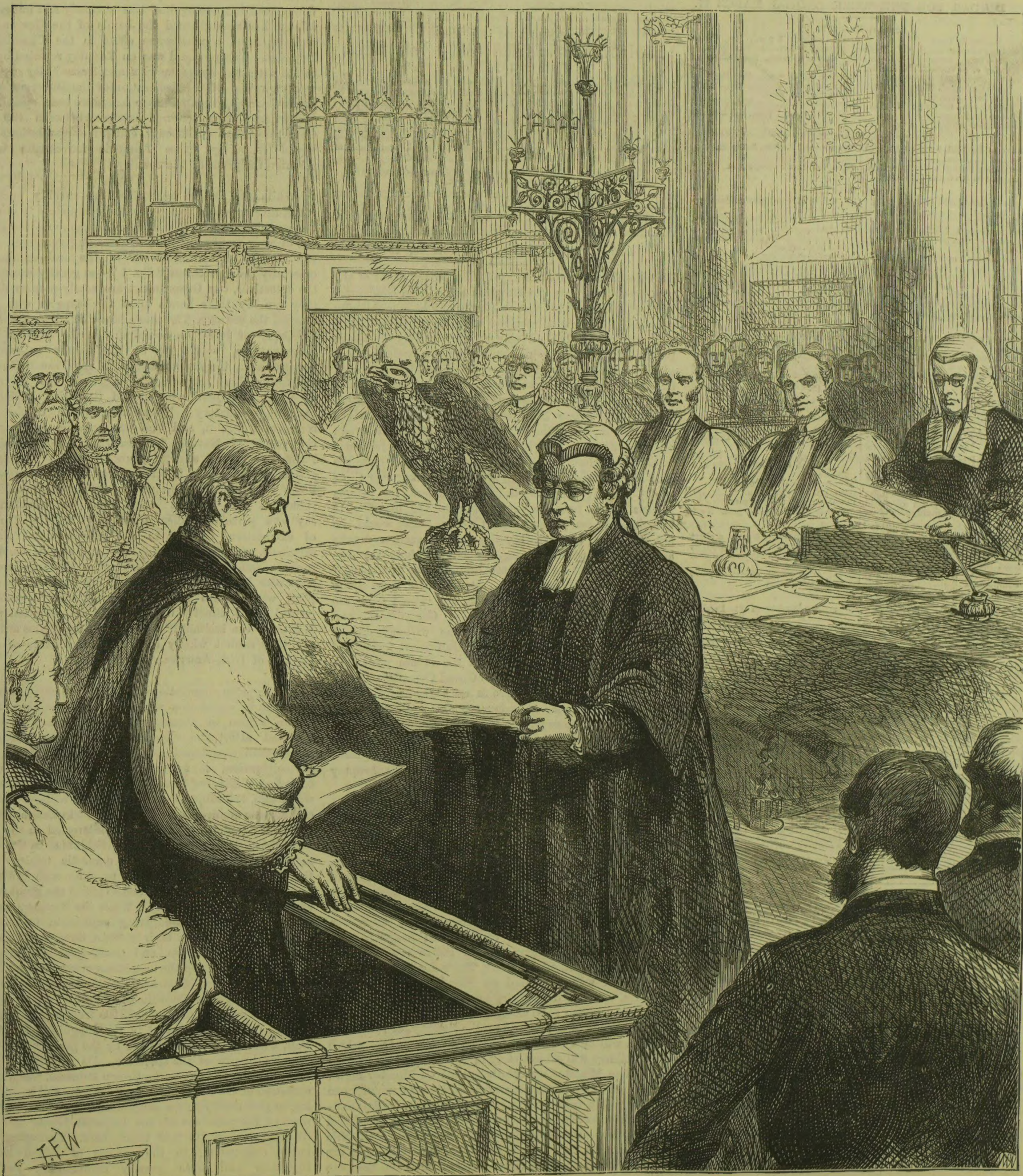
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2290.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6½d.



CONFIRMATION OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN BOW CHURCH, CHEAPSIDE.

BIRTHS.

On the 5th inst., at Wimbledon, the wife of Lieut. W. Longstaff, Lieut.-Colonel late 1st East York Rifles, of a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at 3, West Eaton-place, Lady Henrietta Turner, of a daughter.

On Jan. 15, at Las Zorras, Valparaiso, the wife of T. W. McLaughlin, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 3, 1882, at the Catholic Church, Bunbury, West Australia, by the Rev. H. Brady, Francis De Lisle, Esq., of Brooklands, W.A., to Emma Thomson, second daughter of T. Thomson, of Brookhampton, W.A.

DEATHS.

On the 19th ult., at Edingworth, Oakfield-road, Clifton, after a few days illness, Arthur Keble Dean, Esq., in his 89th year.

On the 3rd inst., at Whitefarland, Greenock, Scotland, Sarah Ann Kingdon, beloved wife of Walter Robert Kinipple, Esq., C.E., of Westminster and Greenock, aged 52.

Entered into rest on the 22nd ult., at 3, Mildred Villas, St. Heliers, Jersey, Miss Sophia Gomm, third daughter of the late Chaplain James Gomm, Royal Navy, also first cousin of Field Marshal Sir William Maynard Gomm, G.B.B., and niece to the late Countess Brühl. She leaves four surviving sisters to deplore their loss.

On the 1st inst., at Warmworth Hall, Doncaster, Lady Charlotte Wentworth Fitzwilliam, aged 75.

On the 2nd inst., at Coolhurst, Horsham, the Lady Frances Elizabeth Serase Dickens, in the 92nd year of her age.

On the 1st inst., at 22, Meeklenburgh-square, the residence of her sister, Elizabeth, elder daughter of the late Joseph Shuter, Esq., Montreal, Canada, in her 63rd year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 17.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Morning Lessons: Exodus iii.; Mark x. 1-32. Evening Lessons: Exodus v. or vi. 1-14; I. Cor. iv. 1-18.

St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Wilson; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Gregory; 7 p.m., Bishop Mitchinson.

Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev.

Dr. Stokoe; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Farrar; 7 p.m., Dr. Sanderson.

St. James's, noon, the Bishop of Exeter.

Whitehall, 11 a.m., the Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Bickersteth; 3 p.m., Rev. R. C. Moberly.

Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, the Chaplain; 7 p.m., the Dean of Lichfield.

MONDAY, MARCH 12.

Levee to be held by the Prince of Wales, St. James's, 2 p.m.

London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. R. A. Proctor on the Great Pyramid.

Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.

Medical Society, 8.30 p.m.

Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

Duke of Connaught married, 1879.

Accession of Alexander III., Czar of Russia, 1881.

Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. H. O. Forbes and Dr. G. Oppert.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor R. S. Ball on the Supreme Discoveries in Astronomy.

Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.

Colonial Institute, 8 p.m., Sir John Gorrie (Chief Justice of Fiji) will read a paper on Fiji as it is.

The Queen's Drawingroom, Buckingham Palace, 3 p.m.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution, annual meeting, Willis's Rooms, 3 p.m.—the Duke of Northumberland in the chair.

Horticultural Society.

Photographic Society, 8 p.m.

Royal Society of Musicians, annual festival, St. James's Hall, 6.30 p.m.

Westminster Abbey, 7 p.m., service, with Gounod's "Redemption" (for Westminster Hospital).

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14.

Literary Fund, anniversary, 3 p.m.

Humbert I., King of Italy, born, 1844.

Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.

Graphic Society, 8 p.m.

Analysts' Society, 8 p.m.

Albert Hall Choral Society, 8 p.m. (Berlioz's "Faust").

Naval Architects' Institute: at Society of Arts (3 days)—Earl of Ravensworth, President, in the chair.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

Moon's first quarter, 8.31 p.m.

University Boat-Race, 5.15 p.m.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Dewar on the Spectroscope.

Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.

Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. H. M. Whithy on the Reclamation of Land.

Chemical Society, 8 p.m., paper by F. E. Matthews.

Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Dr. C. W. Siemens on Electrical Transmission and Storage of Power.

Linnean Society, 8 p.m., papers by Dr. I. S. Cobbold, Mr. A. G. Butler, and Rev. R. B. Watson.

London Institution, 7 p.m., Professor W. E. Ayrton on Electric Lighting and Locomotion, II.

Engineers' Society, 7.30 p.m., Mr. R. W. P. Birch on Water Supply and Drainage.

Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.

Historical Society, 8 p.m.

Philharmonic Society, 8 p.m.

Antiquaries' Society, 8.30 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16.

Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor Tyndall, Thoughts on Radiation—Theoretical and Practical, 9 p.m.

United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. F. A. Abel on Explosive Compounds.

Philological Society, 8 p.m., a short paper by Prince L. L. Bonaparte, and one on Portuguese by Mr. Henry Sweet.

Royal Academy of Music, 8 p.m., Students' Concert.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

St. Patrick.

Oxford Hilary Term ends.

Accession of William III., King of the Netherlands, 1649.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Mr. H. H. Statham on Music as a Form of Artistic Expression.

Albert Hall, 8 p.m., Irish Festival.

Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, Centenary Festival, Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Wolsley in the chair.

Geologists' Association: at the British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell-road, 2.30 p.m., Mr. L. Fletcher will give a demonstration on the Crystals.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 17, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
3 10	3 32	3 53	4 15	4 37	4 59	5 20
5 42	6 03	6 25	6 47	7 09	7 31	7 53

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service, Weekdays and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. All Services 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s. Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Office, 23, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

ART GALLERIES. 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street. SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF DOULTON'S OPEN FIRE-PLACES, FENDER KILNS, &c., with Art accessories. Open Ten till Six. Admission Free, on presentation of card. Will Close March 17.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION."—"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM."—"CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM." with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

THE HARVEST MOON.—GLADWELL BROTHERS are now exhibiting the advanced Proof of a superb Etching by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, the newly-elected A.R.A., which he has just completed from the renowned chef-d'œuvre by the late George Mason, A.R.A. Undoubtedly this is the finest etching of its kind that has been produced during the last half-century. It is a work of exquisite beauty, refinement, and tenderness. Also on view, the now celebrated "Mont Saint Michel," by Axel H. Haig; "The Mill," by David Law, after Linnell; "Viola," "Pomona," "Wedded," and other choice works. Admission, One Shilling; or by Card, which will be forwarded on application.—GLADWELL BROTHERS, the City of London Fine-Art Gallery, 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C.

MR. MELTON PRIOR (Special Artist of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS) will deliver his PICTORIAL LECTURE on the EGYPTIAN WAR, illustrated by Fifty Sketches made by him during the Campaign, which will be shown on a large screen by means of the Oxy-hydrogen Light, as under:—
Friday, March 9.—Bath. Saturday, March 10.—Clifton.
Wednesday, March 14.—St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Newly and Beautifully Decorated. The World-famed
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, AT THREE and EIGHT.
ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY
for a limited period.
In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, the renowned
PAUL MARTINETTI and his unrivalled Company of Artists will appear at EVERY DAY and NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—Messrs. MOORE and BURGESS have much pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the renowned
PAUL MARTINETTI AND TROUPE.
for a limited number of Nights, when the entire Second Part will be devoted to their
MARVELOUS AND MIRTH-PROVOKING PERFORMANCE;
forming one of the most powerful and attractive Entertainments ever produced at this Hall.

LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, EVERY EVENING, at 7.45.—144th Performance.—Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES will be resumed on Saturday, March 24. From Monday the 19th to Friday the 23rd (inclusive) this Theatre will be closed. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open, Ten to Five.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. CLOSED: will REOPEN on EASTER MONDAY, at Three and Eight, with a new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HEIRESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s. No fees.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, MARCH 10, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Two pence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and *Three pence* to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

Perhaps the most noteworthy Parliamentary event of the past week has been the reappearance of Mr. Gladstone, who, when he took his seat on Monday night in manifestly renewed vigour, was received with enthusiastic cheers in an assembly which on occasion can entirely rise above party feeling and prejudices. A similar welcome was given to Mr. Fawcett, whose rapid restoration to health has been even more remarkable, and whose singular efficiency as Postmaster-General is universally recognised. Though the Prime Minister has been missed from the House of which he is the great leader and ornament, he can scarcely be said to have been wanted. Even his influence would hardly have sufficed to bring to an earlier close the rambling discussion on the Address, extending over three weeks, which several sections of members, for various reasons, were bent on protracting to the utmost. It was, indeed, feared that the Closure Rule would be put in force, and possibly the fear of such a drastic and effectual remedy being applied cut short the discussion. Something has since been done to put in order the machinery of the House. Dr. Playfair, amid many expressions of eulogy and esteem, has retired from the arduous position of Chairman of Committees, and subsequently Sir Arthur Otway was without dissent accepted as his successor by the traditional formula of moving him into the chair when the House went into Committee of Supply. The two Grand Committees have yet to be nominated. There is no hurry—in fact, the House of Commons, according to the present rate of advance, might be expecting to sit through the year. No chance has yet offered for discussing on the second reading the two measures which are to be referred to these Committees—the Criminal Code Bill and the Bankruptcy Reform Bill.

The Government are in urgent need of supplies, especially the Supplementary Votes that make up the year's expenditure, and must be granted before the 20th—not much more than a week hence—when hon. members, who have as yet done little to promote the "dispatch of business," are expecting to commence their Easter holidays. The quickness with which these votes are disposed of depends upon the disposition of the Fourth Party and the forbearance of the Land Leaguers, who lie in wait for the extra Dublin Police estimates and criminal prosecution charges. Those for the Egyptian Expedition were discussed on Monday. That war, it appears, will cost the country some four millions sterling, less half a million to be charged to the Indian Exchequer; and as we are to pay as we go, the liability, or rather the outlay, will be a very adverse item in the Budget which Mr. Childers will submit early in April. The presence of the Prime Minister was really needed on Monday night, for he was able to make an authoritative statement when the Egyptian vote came on. There might, said Mr. Gladstone, have been a hope that our troops—soon to be reduced to 6000 men—would be able to leave the Valley of the Nile in six months, but their departure will depend upon the fulfilment of the important objects for which they are there—the consolidation of order, the improvement of the institutions of the country, and securing the great passage

of the Canal from sea to sea—objects which are neither separate nor selfish. It seems evident that the European residents in Egypt, if not the native population, desire us to remain in perpetuity; and probably the former will do their utmost to retard the departure of our troops. It is, however, to be remembered that the new defensive force, under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, one half of it officered by Englishmen, is nearly organised, and that the jealousies of other Powers, especially of France and Russia, are an adequate guarantee against indefinite occupation.

The French people are always ready to recognise *faits accomplis*, with the exception of the abolition of the Joint Control in Egypt—and that is purely a politician's and financier's question. The Senate, which so strongly opposed the ostracism of the Orleanists, wisely refused to fly in the face of M. Ferry's Cabinet by passing a formal vote of censure on the Minister of War for removing the Princes in the army from the active list. This disagreeable incident is now at an end. The next difficulty of the newly-installed Ministry has been the proposed revision of the Constitution in the sense of restricting the powers of the Senate demanded by the Extreme Left. M. Ferry's determined attitude against this untimely and dangerous scheme has strengthened the hands of the Government and produced a wholesome effect in the Chamber of Deputies. The proposal was on Tuesday rejected by 307 to 205 votes, and by a somewhat smaller majority approval was expressed of the declaration of the Government on the revision question. France has thus been spared the misfortune of a renewed conflict between the two Chambers, that could only end in a dissolution, and would encourage those Anarchic movements which threaten the peace of the country.

While the Dublin authorities are steadily pursuing secret investigations which promise completely to unmask the machinations of the Murder League, and the Press, out of very scanty material, are weaving romances as to the identity and whereabouts of the arch-criminals—especially the mysterious "No. 1"—so greatly wanted by the detectives, our Government are sorely perplexed how they can lay their hands upon the suspects who have escaped the country. The case against Mr. Byrne, accused by Carey of being an accomplice in the Phoenix Park assassinations, seems to be too slender to warrant persistence in the demand made to the French Government for his extradition. Against the surrender of Walsh, the man who incited the Irish Invincibles to "make history" by striking down official personages in Dublin, and who was arrested at Havre on the point of leaving for America, the Radicals of Paris are raising a great clamour. In this case the *prima facie* evidence is strong; and much as our neighbours may object to grant favours to England, their rulers at the present time must be reluctant to say *non possumus* when they may require the use of extradition treaties to get possession of French criminals. Our Government have not, as yet, made any formal demand upon the Washington Executive for the surrender of Sheridan, nor would it be likely to be complied with unless that "outrage-monger" could be proved to be directly implicated in assassination plots. Whatever the inclinations of the United States authorities, they cannot wholly ignore the sentiments of some millions of Irish-American citizens.

The copious descriptions given of the supplementary festivities in connection with the silver wedding of the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England attest the expediency of having postponed rather than abandoned some of the special features of the celebration, so suddenly interrupted by the death of Prince William of Prussia. Last week, as well as six weeks ago, the subjects of the Emperor William and the enthusiastic admirers of "Unser Fritz" in Berlin, though not bodily present, were as much interested in the ceremonials which took place in the Old Schloss as in their own more personal rejoicings. The domestic tendencies of the Teutonic race disposed them to enter with heartiness into the spirit of pageants which glorified the great family that crowns German society. While the Berliners were in their gayest moods, and giving expression to their reverential affection for their veteran Sovereign, his heir apparent, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the Court was celebrating the auspicious event with festivities which, for gorgeousness and artistic taste, have rarely been surpassed in modern times, and which drew together Princes, statesmen, and diplomatists from every European capital. They culminated in the magnificent Costume Ball, which is better illustrated by the pencil of the artist than by the pen of the spectator. Its principal feature, in special compliment to the Crown Princess, was a representation of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and in attempting to give reality to the magnificent mediæval spectacle most of the members of the Imperial family and their distinguished guests took their share. Throughout the entire celebration, to the success of which English ingenuity and taste greatly contributed, the tact and urbanity of the Prince of Wales were specially conspicuous.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I have been writing leading articles for upwards of a quarter of a century, and have produced some thousands of those ephemeral productions. I have never ceased to give earnest advocacy to the efforts which have been made to prevent cruelty to animals, and to further the action of the admirable Society in Jermyn-street which prosecutes the ruffians who torture dumb creatures. Yet I honestly confess that I am utterly at a loss to determine what should be the precise line to be taken, in the general interest, by a journalist with respect to Mr. Anderson's Bill, which was down for second reading in the Commons on Wednesday last.

I say, in the general interest. The proposed enactment includes among the "animals" protected by the Cruelty Prevention Acts all vertebrate creatures, of wild as well as domestic nature, if kept in confinement. Thus, it has been pointed out by Lord Walsingham and others, a measure professedly aimed only at the shooting of trapped pigeons might, if strictly construed, be used as a means of prosecuting the hunters of bagged foxes and carted deer; it would suppress battues, and put an end to the ancient recreation of hawking—in short, it would seriously interfere with the National Sports and Pastimes. It might even be brought to bear against horse-racing; for if merciless whipping and spurring constitute torture, there can be little doubt that every horse that runs his heat suffers three or four minutes' acute torture.

But is there to be an end to the Royal Buckhounds and the battues, the hunting of bagged foxes, and horse-racing and steeplechasing? I know nothing whatever about sporting. I never shot at or killed anything in my life more important than a flea. I hate cruelty to animals as I hate war; but I can recall the names of scores of friends who go pigeon-shooting, or ride to hounds, or keep race-horses, or join in battues. And there are tens of thousands of people of education and culture whom I do not know, who are systematically addicted to the enjoyment of sports such as those imperilled by Mr. Anderson's Bill. Have I any right to impeach their humanity and try to spoil their sport because I cannot understand (and never shall be able to understand, I hope) the pleasure which they derive from the chasing and killing of dumb animals? The case of the "humanitarians" (what a silly name!) versus the Sportsmen would have delighted the old casuists; and I will go to my "Ductor Dubitantium" to see if the delightful Jeremy Taylor has aught to say concerning cruelty in relation to sport.

As for hawking, I thought that very ancient sport to be as dead (in England at least) as Dame Juliana Berners, in her day a notable falconer. There used to be some little cruelty even in that aristocratic pastime; for I read in an old hawking book "the blinding of a hawk just taken by running a thread through her eyelids, and thus drawing them over the eyes to prepare her for being hooded, is called *feeling*. The insertion of a feather in her wing in lieu of a broken one is called *imping*. When, after seizing her prey, she pulls off the feathers, she is said to *plume*. A strange vocabulary is that of falconry. Are our noble sportsmen well "posted up," I wonder, in the mysteries of "tiring," "bating," "jouking," "intermewing," "raking," and "flying on head"? And is the dead body of a fowl killed by a hawk still called a "pelt"? The fowl flown at when alive is, of course, the "quarry."

But "quarry" suggests a curious mem. "Quarry" in the hunting of four-footed animals means "the hounds' fees, or their part of the game which they have taken." The term is derived from the French "*curée*," anciently "*cuirée*," and "*corée*." Now, among the edifying romances of M. Emile Zola which have been translated into Italian is one called "*La Curée*." The translator explains to his readers that, according to the Dictionary of the French Academy, "*la curée*" is "*la pasta che si dà ai cani da caccia, facendo loro mangiare alcuni parti della bestia che s'è presa*." He proceeds to state that in Italy it is not the custom to set apart a portion of the prey for the hounds, and that in the Italian language there is no word corresponding to the French "*curée*." By the drollest of expedients does the translator extricate himself from his difficulty. Avowing that he shares with M. Zola the hatred always expressed by the novelist for the Second Empire, and pointing out that the Imperial régime was one of universal intrigue, corruption, and dishonest speculation, he coolly renders "*La Curée*" as "*La Cuccagna*." "*Cuccagna*" in Italian means the land of delight and plenty. Our land of Cockaigne, in fine.

The public are indebted to Lord Bramwell for a new proverbial locution. In the course of an able speech in the House of Peers against the bill prohibiting the payment of wages in public houses (the bill, I rejoice to find, has been read a second time), the noble and learned Lord remarked that "no one was better acquainted than he was with the mischiefs which arose through drink; he had noticed in the calendars that twice the number of crimes—exclusive of frauds, in which there was no element of violence—were committed on Saturday as compared with any other day. Saturday might be considered 'Pay Day, Drink Day, Crime Day.'" Thanks, Lord Bramwell. "Pay Day, Drink Day, Crime Day" will be an aphorism quoted and commented upon, I should say, by all advocates of temperance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mem.: I have a vague impression that some large employers of labour in France have adopted the system of paying their workmen a portion of their wages weekly "on account," and handing over the balance to them at stated intervals—I think, of a fortnight or three weeks. The day of final settlement is known as "*La Grande Paye*." Whether this arrangement has been successful in dissuading the French workmen from squandering their wages at the sign of the "*Assommoir*" I do not know.

In the matter of the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo cocked hat. A large number of correspondents have pointed out to me that among the many objects of interest in the War Exhibition at Knightsbridge is a cocked hat surmounted by a very large plume, and that it is stated that the head-gear in question was worn by the Duke on the eventful Eighteenth of June. I have not had time to visit the War Exhibition; but one correspondent, "F. G. K." (Chelsea), has been so kind as to send me a neat pencil sketch of the plumed *chapeau*, and adds that on the leather lining thereof is written, "This hat was given me by the Duke of Wellington, 21 May, 1851—he told me it was worn by him at Waterloo." (Signed) T. J. Barker, Painter of "The Allied Generals at Waterloo." Now, Mr. T. Jones Barker is dead. He was a capital painter of battle scenes and of portraits, and was one of the worthiest of men. Were he alive, I would ask him whether the Duke explicitly told him whether he had worn the plume as well as the hat at Waterloo. You remember the old story of the examiner who tried to puzzle a postulant by derisively asking him whether he could account "for the milk in the cocoanut?" "Yes, I can," boldly replied the postulant; "*but can you, Sir, account for the hair outside?*" The plume topping the hat at the War Exhibition is to me "the hair outside."

The informant who obligingly furnished me with the information relative to the Duke's costume is a military officer of distinction, and he was present on the staff at the battle of Waterloo. He has not authorised me to publish his name, or I would do so. Some years since he printed, for private circulation, his reminiscences of Waterloo and St. Helena; and they are as replete with graphic minuteness and bear in their every line as much the impress of truth as does Mrs. Abel's (Miss Balcombe's) interesting monograph of Napoleon at the Briers, in which the pleasant fact was made manifest that the "Corsican Ogre"—the cannibal, the vampire, the wehr-wolf—was passionately fond of children, and delighted to romp with "the small infantry" and regale them with goodies.

In a recent number of the New York comic illustrated journal *Puck*—a periodical which has long since solved the insolent question propounded by the Père Bouhours "whether it be possible for a German to have any wit," for *Puck* seems to be under German management—I find a sketch of a baby in doleful dumps, bending beneath the burden of a heavy sackful of toys. Why is the baby bewailing its lot? Because its toys are taxed. The import duties on foreign dolls has hitherto been thirty-five per cent. Under the provisions of the new Tariff Bill, the duties are to be increased to fifty per cent. To this *Puck* adds the note that in the course of the last financial year as much as a quarter of million of dollars was collected by the U.S. Revenue Department in duties on foreign dolls. How much, I wonder, is the duty on rocking-horses, on Noah's arks, and on Jacks in the Box?

Mem.: It is strange that there should not be in the whole of the Universal Shakespeare a single mention of a doll (of course I do not mean Doll Tearsheet), unless, indeed, Macbeth's "Protest me the baby of a girl" is a figure of speech referring to a thing so trivial as the "baby" or puppet plaything of a little girl. Bacon speaks of what we now term "dolls" as "babies." So, if I remember aright, does good Mistress Lucy Hutchinson in her "Memoirs." I find "baby" for *poupée* in an Anglo-French dictionary of 1698. When did the "baby" become a "doll"? Mr. Cremer, jun., in his "Toy Kingdom," while discoursing on the successive transformation of Dolly from her original clay into wood, rags, porcelain, wax, and india-rubber, does not enlighten us as to the date of Dolly's change of name in England.

It is a very right and proper thing that travellers by the Metropolitan District Railway should not be stifled *in transitu*; still, while the comfort of underground railway travellers should undeniably be studied, the public at large have a right to protest against the Victoria Embankment being rendered hideous by the construction of railway ventilating-shafts. John Bull is a very long-suffering creature; but these last straws, or rather last shafts, threaten, not so much to break his camel-like back as to arouse him to somewhat perilous wrath, and to lead him to indulge in some very strong language as to the manner in which he is municipally governed, mis-governed, or not governed at all. Altogether, what with this Board and that Board, the position of J. B. seems to be analogous to that of the traditional toad under the harrow "when every tooth gave her a tig."

As for that magnificent engineering achievement the Victoria Embankment, we have used Sir Joseph Bazalgette's great work in a simply shameful and scandalous manner. I have seen the Quays of the World; and there is not one of them on which so many opportunities for grandiose architectural embellishment have been so wantonly thrown away as on our Embankment. That there are some fine buildings on the site I freely admit; but they are mostly out of harmony with one another; they are without cohesion, and between them yawn dreary intervals of vacant land and builders' rubbish. By day the Embankment, away from the ornamental gardens (which are being ruined by the railway "blow-holes") is a semi-solitude. By night, the place is the rendezvous of roughs and robbers.

The Victoria Embankment ought to be adorned not only by handsome public buildings, built on some regular plan, but by more hotels, by banks, insurance offices, museums, picture-galleries, theatres, cafés, newspaper kiosks, and shops. It ought to be used to ten times a greater extent than it is used now for wheeled locomotion. At present when you wish to make your way in a hansom from Blackfriars to Westminster, it is only with difficulty that you can persuade your cabman to drive along the Embankment.

There lies before me the first number of a new University periodical, "*Ye True Blue: Occasional Jottings of 'Varsity Vagaries*," edited by "Phil," who defines a goosequill as

"Ye Archimedean Lever": only the globe on which "Phil" has inscribed his name is transfixed by the pen, which, consequently, looks more like an axis than a lever. Would not "Phil's" pen as the lever, and "unlimited circulation" as a fulcrum, move the world a little? The letter-press seems light and "frisky," and the illustrations piquant, while I note that a paper called "*The Flâneur at the Play*" is signed with the *nom de plume* of "Blarney Mashingham."

There should be a chronology of slang. It is about forty years ago, I think, that the great popularity of a French farce called "*L'Homme Blasé*" brought the word into colloquial use in England; indeed, the first translation of the French piece (at the Princess's, Wright the low comedian playing the hero) was called "*Blasé*," with some sub-title that I forget. Subsequently, another translation was produced, Charles Mathews playing the principal character. As a title for this version, we borrowed a slang term from the Americans, and "*L'Homme Blasé*" became "*Used Up*."

As for "masher," the word is so young in English parlance that it is not to be found in the latest edition of "*The Slang Dictionary*." Nor are "Johnnies" and "Chappies" to be found in that erudite compilation. Several "Johnnies" and "Chappies" are depicted in a photo-printed full-page illustration which accompanies the first number of "*Varsity Vagaries*." The young gentlemen are gathered round a table. They are all in evening dress, and look lovely; and some are smoking cigarettes. I perceive that there are glasses and decanters on the table, and accordingly arrive at the conclusion that the scene is intended to represent an undergraduate's "wine party"; but, from the intense decorum prevailing, one might have imagined the symposium to be more of the nature of a "lemon squash" party, or a "Botany Beer" one. "Botany Beer," it has recently been decided on judicial authority, is not beer at all. One of the white cravated convives to whom a friend is offering, presumably, Lafite or Chateau Margaux, averts his head and upraises his hands in pious horror. *I, curre*, abstinent undergraduate!

There are two delightful papers in the March number of *Temple Bar*—the first, an article on "Sims Reeves," by Lady Pollock; the other a charming narrative fragment, called "*Miss Dairsie's Diary*," by Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres). The "Diary" is a pathetic excerpt of home life, most tenderly and sympathetically written, and the enjoyment of the reader of which I will not spoil by describing its incidents. By-the-way, Lady Lindsay enriches my collection of proverbs with "*Ilka haddie maun hang by its ain heid*," alluding to the custom of hanging fish outside the door for the purpose of drying and curing them. I cite the proverb, because I do not find it in H. G. Bohn's republication and amplification of Ray's "*Proverbs*." Under the head of "Ilka" there only occur "Ilka man as he looes, let him send to the cooks," and "Ilka man mend ane, an a' will be mended." Of course, "ilka haddie" is akin to our "every tub." Lady Pollock's Essay on Sims Reeves tells us a great deal more about the career of the great English tenor than has yet been made public, and dwells with rare eloquence and appreciative acumen on his genius.

Brave old Mr. John Maddison Morton has been utilising the peaceful leisure which he has enjoyed in that haven of rest where Colonel Thomas Newcome said "Adsum!" by composing a collection of six entirely new dramatic pieces, of which the first is a farce in one act called "*My Bachelor Days*." He has forwarded me the trim little volume, containing the pieces in question, which is published by the Dramatic Authors' Society, King-street, Covent-garden. In a modest preface, Mr. Morton tells the public that eight-and-forty years have passed since his first farce (in which Wrench and Mrs. Nisbett played) was produced "in the little theatre in Tottenham-street." Since then, he has written upwards of one hundred pieces—among them the immortal "*Box and Cox*," "*A Game of Romps*" (do you remember Harley and Madame Vestris in it?), "*The Double-Bedded Room*" (for William Farren the Elder), "*Whitebait at Greenwich*," "*Betsy Baker*," "*Lend Me Five Shillings*," "*Done on Both Sides*" (for Charles Mathews), &c., &c., &c. Mr. John Maddison Morton is seventy-two years of age, and he is anxious to add, by the labours of his pen, to his slender resources. London managers do not care much about farces nowadays. The veteran dramatist has been compelled to part with all his old copyrights; and, if anybody wishes to help him, provincial managers and, in particular, the members of amateur dramatic clubs, are the people who can chiefly render him assistance by performing "*My Bachelor Days*" and the farces and comediettas which accompany it.

Miss Geneviève Ward appeared at an Olympic matinée on Saturday, the 3rd inst., as Medea, in an English version of Legouvè's tragedy. Miss Ward is so versatile, and so accomplished a linguist that she would be able without difficulty to play the part of Jason's much-wronged spouse, as her woes are put in French, in Italian, in Spanish, and in German. Nay, with a little "coaching," she might fairly adventure on Medea in the original Greek; avoiding, it is to be hoped, the barbarous, uncouth, and ridiculous pronunciation of that melodious language inflicted upon us by the influence of Erasmus. In what may be termed the "fiendish" parts of Medea's rôle Miss Geneviève Ward was superb.

Mem.: The best (and most "fiendish") burlesque Medea that I can remember was Robson, who, in the part, excited the terrified admiration of Madame Ristori. Vestris as Medea in Planché's "*Golden Fleece*" was simply enchanting.

G. A. S.

Mr. W. G. Clark, formerly Vice Master and senior fellow of Trinity, having bequeathed to the Master, fellows, and scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, certain lands in the county of York absolutely, it has been resolved to found a lectureship in English literature, to be called the "Clark Lectureship."



OFFICERS OF THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE.

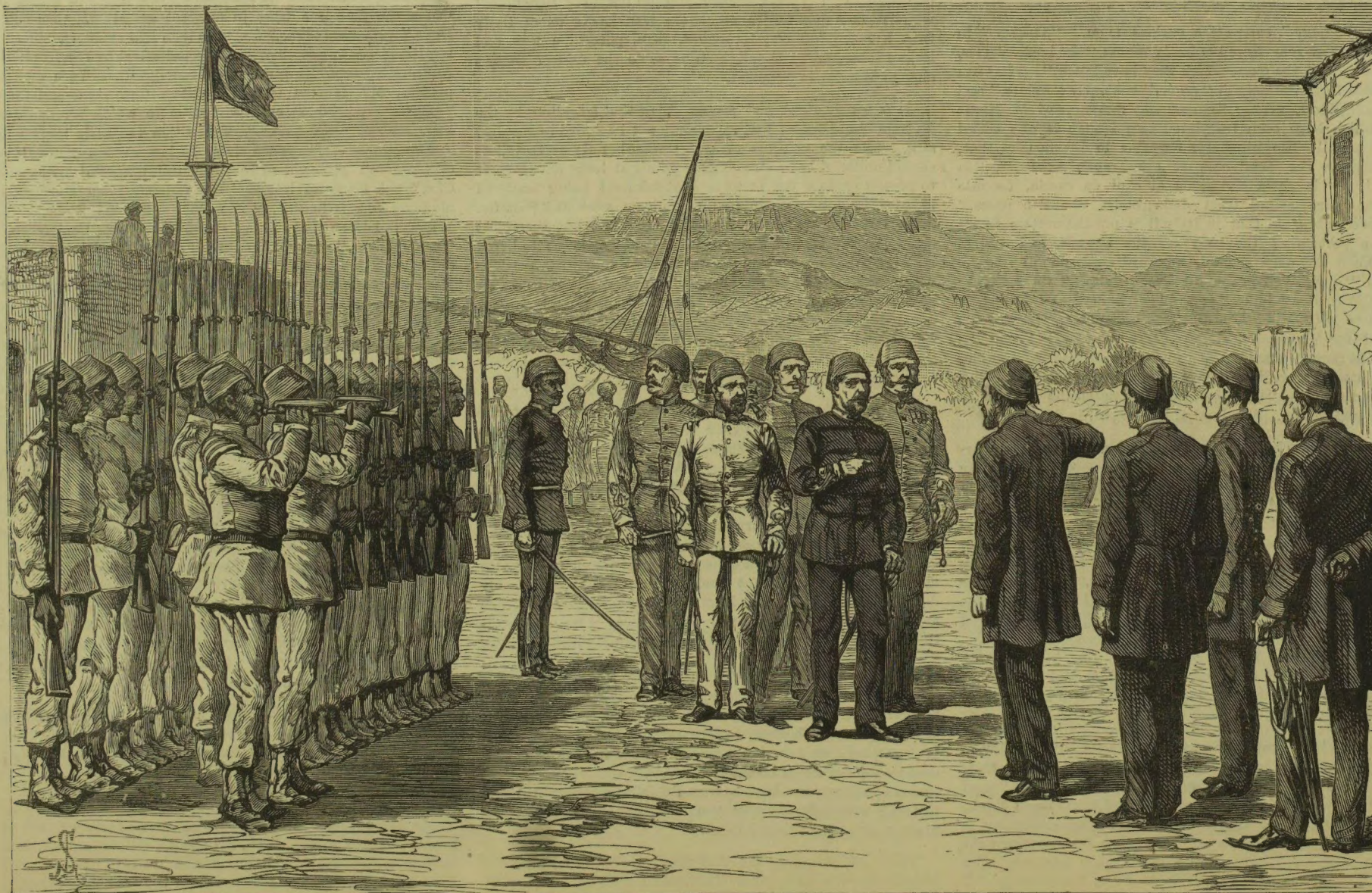
THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE.

The Egyptian Government, immediately after getting rid of Arabi Pasha, has had to contend with an insurrection of the Mussulman negro tribes in the remote southern territories of Darfur, Kordofan, and the Soudan, menacing even the important position of Khartoum, at the junction of the White Nile with the Blue Nile. The insurgents are led by a fanatical negro chieftain of Darfur, claiming to be the Mahdi or destined Prophet and Guide of Islam, who was expected to appear in November last. A portion of the Khedive's military forces being already in the field against this enemy, the Staff, composed of English officers, with Hickes Pasha (Major-General Hickes) to take the command,

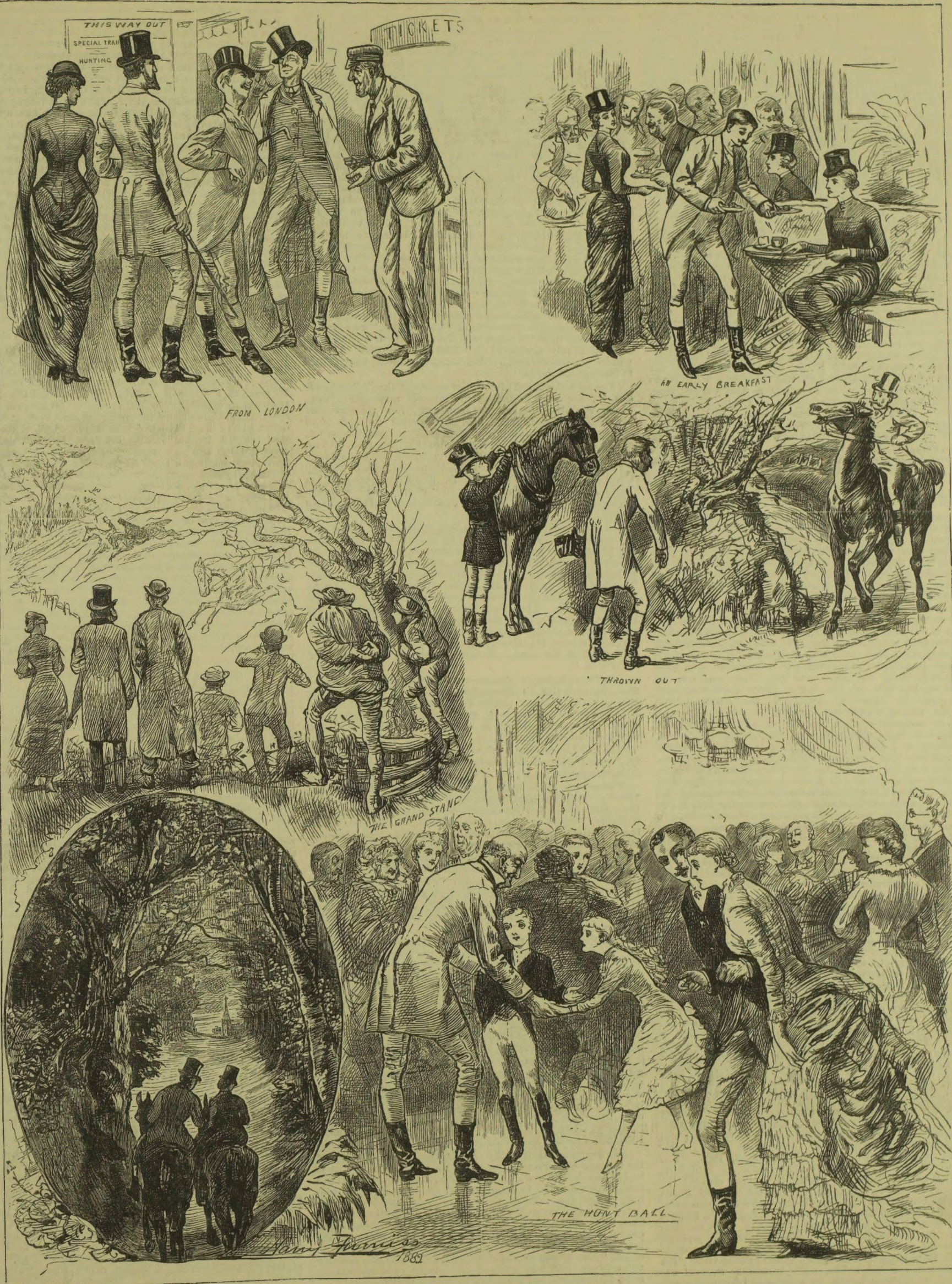
went down the Red Sea from Suez in the Khedive's steam-yacht and disembarked on the 7th ult. at Souakin, on the east coast of the Soudan. The English officers in this expedition are Major-General Hicks, late of the Bombay Staff; Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, late Major of the 11th Foot; Lieut.-Colonel Coetlogen, late Major of the 70th Foot; Major Martin, late Captain of Baker's Horse in South Africa; Major Farquhar, late Captain in the Grenadier Guards; Captain Forestier Walker, late Lieutenant of the Buffs or East Kent regiment; Captain Massey, late Lieutenant of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment); Surgeon-Major Rosenberg; Major Warner, Captain W. Page Phillips, and Mr. E. B. Evans, Intelligence Department. The cavalry is under the command of Major Martin; the artillery, with

Nordenfeldt guns, is under the command of Captain Forestier-Walker. We have received the photographs of these officers, and a sketch of the scene of their reception on landing at Souakin, which is about ten days' journey from Khartoum. The troops of the small garrison at Souakin were drawn up in line, in front of the residence of the Governor of the Eastern Soudan. His Excellency met the British officers on the beach, and a salute was fired by the guns, the soldiers presenting arms. On the 11th ult. they left Souakin, taking the road to Khartoum, with an escort of Bashi-bazouks.

The rumours of a victory in the Soudan have been confirmed. Abdul Kader telegraphs that he has engaged the enemy near Sennaar, and repulsed them with loss, leaving the country between Khartoum and Sennaar clear of rebels.



RECEPTION OF THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE AT SOUAKIN, COAST OF THE RED SEA.



A DAY AT BECKTON HALL.

It was the day of the Lawn meet at Beckton Hall, and as Amy Forrester, whilst dressing, drew back the curtain, she said, "It will do, Ju; we are lucky for once," for the morning was fine, and more snow had not fallen; when, congratulating each other on the fit of their habits, they compared notes on their looks and the style of their hair, and shortly went down to breakfast. Amy's father, who was known as "the Squire of the parish," was also well known as a master of hounds; and to be at the meet, she had asked her old friend to spend a few days there with her; the special inducement held out being that Frank, Amy's cousin, would also be sojourning

in the house; as, between the two girls, it was a secret that, if all went well, ere long, her former schoolfellow, Miss Henderson, would be Mrs. Frank Gerard. As for herself, she could not say she was clearly heart-whole, but, with two strings to her bow, she had not yet decided; for, while fully enjoying the company of young Bertie Beresford, she was so pleased with the attention Captain Carrington showed her, that her friend said it would be quite a close thing between them, and a neck-and-neck sort of race. Amy's weakness, however, may perhaps be excused, as she made pets of the hounds, and heard much about hunting, and attended most meets with her

father; hence her admiration, as a rule, of any man who went with them was more swayed by his "going" than anything else; and, as she herself was a bold and a very good rider, for a man to "go straight" was to please her immensely. So that the Captain, so far, seemed to have the best chance, as in across-country work he was better than Beresford.

The Hall being within easy distance from Paddington—but an hour by "the special," and half-an-hour's ride—there was always a very strong muster of town friends when the meet took place at the kennels; and though on that morning there were late comers from all parts, and a few of those

asked stayed awhile at the station, whilst some chaffed the man when he wanted their tickets—some also from London, but not of those asked—they were in time to do justice to an "early breakfast," so called, ere the hounds showed on the lawn. The Captain, who, of course, was there sooner than others, devoted himself to the wants of his pretty friend Amy; while Julia—who was standing close by her, with Frank—glanced at them amused her old uncle came to her, to tell what he had heard of his missing friend Biggs; who, getting upset as he came round a corner, was accosted by one who was out of his beat as to which was the way to the Hall. "Thrown out, my friend, eh?" was the comment. "Same here, then; so am I;" and as the stranger came a few yards nearer, the groom was putting the harness right, and the shafts were in the air. A move now ensued, for the hounds were spied, and as Julia at once came up to the Captain and slyly engaged him in conversation, Bertie saw his chance, and took it, when, helping Amy into the saddle, he rode off with her as the hounds went on, and they were joined by Ju and Gerard. The Captain was thus, to his great disgust, left out in the cold alone; though he said to himself, "I have made a bad start, but shall come well in at the finish."

As the laurels were drawn blank, and the copse as well, they at once went on to the hill, when no sooner had tails begun to wave in the gorse than bending bushes and leaping hounds told of a fox afoot. Down the hill, with a burst, they came, and got well away from the horsemen, whilst Bertie and Amy, still side by side, were jealously watched by the Captain, who, through attending to them, blundered over a fence, close by what the rustics termed "the grand stand," and was greeted with shouts of laughter. The rival disposed of, as his horse was lamed, gave Bertie the chance he sought; so by a clever contrivance he lost the hounds, and leisurely rode with his lady-love back home through the silent lanes; the result being that he vowed that he would, at the hunt ball that night, effectually settle his rival. It was not the hunt ball in the county town, but one at the hall, that the Squire himself had planned, where all were to come just as they were—"tops, cords, and pinks, and no change of dress, to save all form and bother." With Amy as his partner, Bertie watched; and as soon as the warmth of the room was felt he suggested how cool a stroll would be through the spreading palms and flowers, where were cosy couches and rosy lights, to tempt those there to linger. The sequel may be guessed. Amy changed her name, at St. George's Church, for that of Mrs. Beresford.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The confirmation of the election of Dr. Benson to be Archbishop of Canterbury took place on Saturday in Bow Church, Chesham. The church was crowded. At eleven o'clock a voluntary was played by the organist, and the procession entered from the vestry. The Lords Commissioners were the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of Lichfield. The Vicar-General of the southern province (Dr. Deane, Q.C.), and Dr. Tristram represented the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury. The newly-elected Primate, fully robed, came in at the end of the procession, attended by the Rev. R. T. Davidson and his other chaplains. Mrs. Davidson, Archbishop Tait's daughter, was also present. Dr. Benson was conducted to a pew immediately facing the altar, and the Litany was read by the Vicar, the Rev. M. H. Vine. After the Litany had been said, Dr. Tristram presented the letters patent from the Queen confirming the election of Dr. Benson, which, by command of the Bishop of London, were read by Mr. John Hassard, Principal Registrar of the province and diocese. The Bishop of London then said that those present would undertake and take upon themselves the duty of confirmation, in obedience to the commands of the Queen. The Archbishop-Elect advanced to the west of the table, opposite the Bishop of London. Mr. Bazin, the Apparitor-General, twice challenged all opposers to come forward and make any objection they might have to the election of Dr. Benson as Archbishop of Canterbury. No response was made, and then several documents were read, in one of which the new Archbishop declared that he had not obtained preferment by means of simony. He then took the oath as Archbishop-Elect. The definitive sentence and the final decree were then pronounced by the Bishop of London. The Archbishop's enthronement should take place in Canterbury Cathedral by the Archdeacon or his deputy. The ceremony, which lasted about an hour, was concluded by the Bishop of London pronouncing the benediction.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

A familiar object to the eyes of every Londoner has been undergoing the slow process of safe removal during the past six weeks. It is the well-known bronze colossal equestrian statue of the great Duke of Wellington, which in 1846 was placed in a very elevated position on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, or rather at the upper end of Constitution-hill, opposite the Duke's mansion, Apsley House. The architect of the Corinthian portal, which is to be rebuilt in a new position some yards distant from its present site, was the late Mr. Decimus Burton, in 1828; the sculptor of the Wellington equestrian statue was the late Mr. M. D. Wyatt. The mass of bronze is nearly 30 ft. high, and weighs forty tons; inside the body of the horse there is room for a dinner-party; but the whole was cast in eight pieces, first screwed and then fused together. It was drawn by forty horses to the site for its erection; and the operation was described at the time in a very early Number of this Journal, published Oct. 3, 1846. The progress of taking down this huge work of sculpture, the future destination of which is to be decided by a special committee appointed by the Government Board of Works, is conducted from day to day under the direction of Mr. F. T. Reade, of the Institute of Civil Engineers, assisted by Mr. George Burt, of the firm of Messrs. John Mowlem and Co., the contractors. Our illustrations show the progress of lowering from Jan. 25, the day after it was begun, to Feb. 27, though still concealed from general public view. The pedestal was removed before, while temporary support was provided, at the same height, by a frame of iron girders suspended between piers of brickwork at the four corners; but a minute technical description may be read in the *Builder* of Jan. 27. The girders rest upon a series of thin wooden packings, like boards, an inch thick each; and the whole superincumbent weight is lifted, repeatedly, by the force of hydraulic jacks, allowing these wooden slips to be taken away, so that the Duke comes down by a tedious succession of very slight descents; but there is no chance of an accident, and he will soon be placed on a vehicle to be drawn by powerful locomotive engines wherever it may be deemed fit to set him up for the admiration of posterity—we should say, on the parade at the Horse Guards, St. James's Park.

Mr. Noel Temple Moore, her Majesty's Consul at Jerusalem, has been appointed a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

MUSIC.

The specialty of last week was the Wagner concert given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, in tribute to the memory of the composer, who died on the 13th ult., as already recorded by us. In reference to that event we gave an outline of his career, and have previously from time to time commented on the works of this remarkable man, the greatest musical innovator the world has ever seen, having far surpassed Gluck in so-called opera reform. All his opera-dramas, except his last, "Parsifal," have been heard in this country; his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" and "Fliegende Holländer" ("L'Olandese Dannato") in Italian versions—these and "Rienzi" having been given in English by Mr. Carl Rosa, and last summer having brought forth German performances of "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde," at Drury Lane Theatre; and of the "Nibelungen" series, "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," at Her Majesty's Theatre. Saturday's selection began with the funeral march ("Siegfried's Tod") from "Götterdämmerung," and included extracts from "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Walküre"; the "Siegfried Idyll," an orchestral arrangement of the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," and the "Kaiser-Marsch." All these have been more than once commented on by us, with the exception of the movement from "Parsifal," which was given for the first time in England. It contains some striking passages, several of which are "leit-motiven," typical of characters and situations in the drama, it and all the other pieces having been very effectively rendered. The vocal music consisted of Elisabeth's prayer from "Tannhäuser," and Isolde's death-scene from "Tristan und Isolde"; both having been very effectively declaimed by Miss A. Williams. A well-written poetical eulogy, by Miss Constance Bache, was prefixed to the book of words.

The second concert of the new season of the Philharmonic Society, last week, occurred too late for notice until now. There was little to call for comment, the performances, interesting as they were, having presented no feature of novelty beyond the reappearance, after several years' absence, of Señor Sarasate. This accomplished violinist played, with brilliant style and execution, Mendelssohn's concerto, a "Nocturne" of Chopin (transcribed), and Spanish Dances by the player. Bach's suite in D, Raff's symphony, "Im Walde," and Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser" were the orchestral pieces; and Madame Rose Hersee contributed two songs.

At this week's Monday Popular Concert Herr Barth was the solo pianist—having appeared for the first time this season. He played with great success in unaccompanied pieces by Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, and was associated with Herr Joachim in Beethoven's Sonata in G (op. 30). Two new songs by Mr. F. H. Cowen—"Absence," and "There is Dew for the Flow'et" were introduced for the first time, and pleased greatly. They were expressively rendered by Miss Santley, accompanied by the composer. Brahms's new string quintet was a novelty at these concerts, but had already been given at one of Mr. Henry Holmes's "Musical Evenings," as noticed at the time. A second hearing does raise our opinion of it.

Mr. Oscar Beringer gave his sixth annual pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when he played, in association with Mr. Franklin Taylor and Mr. Walter Bache, Bache's triple concerto in C, with double quintet accompaniment; and was also heard in solo pieces, which he rendered with brilliant execution.

The last London Ballad Concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, with a varied and attractive programme.

The concert of the Bach Choir on Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, included the first performance in London of Herr Max Bruch's "Odysseus"—settings of scenes from the "Odyssey" (only a portion of which had hitherto been heard here); and this (Saturday) evening's concert of the London Musical Society will bring forward (for the first time here) a new "Stabat Mater," by Anton Dvorák, the Bohemian composer. Of both these events we must speak next week.

The Schubert Society, of which Sir Julius Benedict is the President, held the first concert of its seventeenth season at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, F. Schubert's vocal and instrumental compositions forming the first part of the programme.

Last Saturday, on the celebration of his seventieth birthday, Professor Macfarren, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, was presented with a cheque for £800, subscribed by old pupils and other friends, the secret being so well kept that, until the close of the speech of Sir Julius Benedict, who presided and made the presentation, Mr. Macfarren had not the slightest notion of the surprise in store for him.

The 145th anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians takes place at St. James's Hall next Tuesday evening, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

At the performance of Gounod's "Redemption," to be given at Westminster Abbey on Tuesday next for the benefit of Westminster Hospital, all the soli will be sung by members of the choir, the soprano and contralto parts being represented by boys. There will be a full orchestra, and Dr. Bridge, the organist of the Abbey, will act as conductor. Applications for tickets should be made only to the Secretary, Westminster Hospital; to whom also contributions may be sent.

The proposed erection of a monument to the memory of the distinguished French composer Hector Berlioz will, it is to be hoped, soon become practicable, a London committee having been formed to act in concert with that of Paris, each body comprising some of the most eminent musicians of the day. Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street, and Messrs. Metzler and Co., of Great Marlborough-street, have consented to receive subscriptions. Doubtless many of the large numbers who have attended the numerous performances of the "Faust" music which have been given in this country will contribute to this mode of recognition of a remarkable man, who received but scant justice during his lifetime.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed gave on Wednesday evening at St. George's Hall a new entertainment, entitled "A Mountain Heiress," written by Gilbert A'Beckett, the music being by Lionel Benson. After which, Mr. Corney Grain gave his musical sketch, entitled "En Route."—Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, "Our Mess," will be given for the first time on Easter Monday.

Mrs. Aylmer Gowing and Miss Gertrude Kellogg, ably assisted, gave a successful dramatic and musical recital at St. James's Hall on Monday last. A new ballad, "The Post-Card," specially composed by Miss Elizabeth Philp, was prettily sung by Miss Larkcom.

By a unanimous resolution, the Dublin Corporation have removed James Carey from the office of Town Councillor.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

THE SUN A STAR, AND THE STARS SUNS.

Professor Robert S. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S., gave his second lecture on the Supreme Discoveries in Astronomy on Tuesday, Feb. 27. He began by comparing the sun with the stars. He first explained how it was ascertained that Sirius is really fifty times brighter than the sun; and having stated that it is impossible to measure the size of this star, he detailed the process by which it had been demonstrated that its weight is twenty times that of the sun. This conclusion was arrived at in consequence of the discovery by Alvan Clark, in accordance with Bessel's prediction, that Sirius is a binary star, and has a smaller and less bright companion. The application of the law of gravitation to their movements gave the velocity of Sirius as one thousand miles a minute, and the rate of its movements variable. Of the millions of such stars, our sun is but one. After commenting on the discovery of interesting facts relating to double stars, such as their variable brightness and the contrasts of their colours, the Professor adverted to the deep significance of Sir W. Herschel's great discovery, that the most distant heavenly bodies are subject to the law of gravitation. In considering various points of resemblance between the sun and the stars, the Professor explained how Herschel also demonstrated that our sun, as well as they, has a proper motion—20,000 miles an hour—and the star Groombridge, No. 1830, moves at the rate of 200 miles a second. The most recent observations prove Herschel's accuracy. It is conjectured that the natural colour of our sun is blue; its ruddy hue being due to the earth's atmosphere.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS—THE SUN.

Professor Dewar, F.R.S., began his seventh lecture on Thursday, the 1st inst., with remarks on the great progress made in spectroscopy through the researches of Huggins, Angstrom, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, and others, shown in the excellent scale-maps of spectra, now published, so valuable for comparison. He then, in a series of experiments, illustrated the effects of temperature and other physical conditions on the production of spectra, and showed how the spectra of salts may be obtained, distinct from those of their constituents. Much of the lecture was devoted to the results obtained by Kirchhoff, who described the sun as consisting of a glowing gaseous atmosphere, surrounding a much hotter solid nucleus; and who, by studying the spectrum in comparison with the spectra of various metals, was led to the following conclusions:—1. The solar spectrum invariably contains certain fixed dark lines (Fraunhofer's lines); 2. The spectra produced by the luminous vapour of all metals contain certain fixed bright lines, invariable, and distinct for each metal; 3. All and each of the bright lines thus produced by certain metals (viz., sodium, potassium, magnesium, and iron) are found to coincide exactly with certain of the dark lines of the solar spectrum; 4. Hence there must be some connection between the bright lines of the metal and the dark solar lines; 5. The connection is as follows: Each of the dark fixed lines in the solar spectrum is caused by the presence in the sun's atmosphere of the luminous vapour of that metal which gives the co-incident bright lines. A series of experiments relating to radiation and temperature were given, from which it was calculated that the inferior limit of the sun's temperature is about 10,000 deg. centigrade.

METERS FOR POWER AND ELECTRICITY.

Mr. C. Vernon Boys, who gave the discourse at the evening meeting on Friday, the 2nd inst., began by explaining that the "meter" was an instrument which measures not at, but during, the time, and such instruments are available for determining what consumers must pay for water, gas, or electricity. The first instrument shown (purely mathematical) was Mr. Boys' "cast" integrator, from which he developed some practically useful machines. The development of this instrument he traced to the disc-cylinder integrator, the first application of which was the engine-power meter. This instrument calculates work being done in an engine from instant to instant, adds up all the results, and shows the continuously growing amount on a dial, from which a workman can read it direct without further calculation. One of the instruments was shown, together with a large working model. This form was also used in Mr. Boys' electric energy meter, which was exhibited at work, a dial showing the results. Professors Ayrton and Perry's energy meter was also described. Mr. Boys next described the electric quantity meter, and after referring to the chemical method adopted by Sprague and Edison, and the meters depending on integrating machines, spoke more particularly of his own vibrating meter. By means of a large model, he demonstrated the laws of vibratory motion, and then showed the meter in action, checking the rate by a tangent galvanometer of special construction. Hopkinson's meter was also shown. Mr. Boys then described and exhibited in action, for the first time in public, his new system for measuring the work transmitted by driving-bands, and showed the results on a dial. The principle involved was fully explained and tested by experiment. In conclusion, Mr. Boys exhibited a new class of instrument named the "harmonic divider," which automatically calculates and continuously records efficiency of one thing in terms of another.

STAMMERING.

Dr. W. H. Stone, in his third lecture, given on Saturday last, the 3rd inst., dealt with the pathological conditions of the human voice. Stammering is a common defect, and, according to Colombat, afflicts two persons in a thousand, more particularly among the educated races, and it is not found among negroes. Stammering, which is synonymous with stuttering, is a very complex affection. Speech, like writing or walking, is a co-ordinated muscular act, involving many nerves and muscles, which, having been learned early in life, has become so automatic that the direction of attention to it rather hinders than assists its performance. Dr. Stone stated that he had known permanent stammering to be produced in adult age by severe shock and mental strain. He described four forms of the defect: 1, at the glottis; 2, at the isthmus of the fauces; 3, between the tongue and palate; 4, at the lip and nostrils. Kingsley called these "abuses of breath, jaw, tongue, and lips." There are also other physical infirmities and malformations, which interfere with speech—such as large tonsils, cleft or vaulted palate, and obstructed nasal passages. Stammering and accent are contagious by accidental or intentional mimicry. This defect has been grossly and ridiculously maltreated, even by surgeons such as Diefenbach and Itard. Mechanical methods, like that of Demos-thenes, have been proposed. Marshall Hall recommended chanting, and Arnott, sounding before a consonant. Rational methods are, slow rhythmical speech, with pauses between each word; deep inspiration, which relaxes the spasm of muscle; speaking or reading in unison with a distinct articulator; and learning a new language (say, French), which requires fresh muscular co-ordination. The cure is difficult, but not hopeless with great perseverance; and Bishop Wilberforce and Charles Kingsley are examples of success.

Friday evening, March 16, Professor Tyndall on Radiation.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

It would be a happy circumstance if the general cheering which welcomed Mr. Gladstone's reappearance in the House of Commons on Monday could be interpreted as indicating the abandonment of factious opposition, and a general desire to co-operate in pushing forward the legislative business in arrears. The reception accorded, indeed, to the Prime Minister and also Mr. Fawcett—both of whom returned in a manner like giants refreshed by a good holiday—was hearty in the extreme. It happened that Mr. Fawcett (whose department was well looked after during his illness by Mr. Shaw Lefevre), having to answer a question early in Monday's sitting, was the first convalescent Minister to be greeted by the cheers of a full House. Sun and sea air had restored the hue of health to the face of the Postmaster-General; and the resonant clearness of his voice, as he made a characteristically frank reply to the query of Mr. Baxter (an ex-Minister who ought not to remain much longer out in the cold) betokened that the right hon. gentleman had fully recovered from his dangerous attack of diphtheria. As usual, Mr. Gladstone stole quietly and unobtrusively to his seat on the Treasury Bench from behind the Speaker's chair; but the Premier was recognised before he could take the vacant place between the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Trevelyan, and the sustained chorus of "Hear! hear!" prevented Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice from proceeding for a while with a Ministerial answer. H.R.H. the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Westminster were among the peers present in their gallery. Satisfaction at Mr. Gladstone's complete restoration to health—evident from the colour in his cheeks and the unabated vigour of his delivery—was not confined to the Ministerial side of the House. Yet the undiminished activity of Lord Randolph Churchill and the restlessness of his impatient colleagues seemed to show that the infinitesimal Fourth Party, at least, had no intention of relaxing their efforts to impede the transaction of business.

Mr. Gladstone's answer on Monday to Mr. Schreiber made it pretty clear that the Affirmation Bill will not now be proceeded with before Easter. As to the date of the adjournment for the Easter vacation, that will depend upon the progress made with the Estimates.

Before the Commons could go into Committee of Supply, there were certain ceremonial speeches to be made and discussions to be disposed of at the close of the past week. Dr. Lyon Playfair's resignation of the Chairmanship of Committees elicited deserved tributes from the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Stafford Northcote to the right hon. gentleman; and on the 2nd inst., Sir Arthur Otway, relieved from the tedium of dancing attendance daily in the vicinity of Captain Gosset's chair, was unanimously appointed Dr. Playfair's successor as Chairman on the motion of Lord Hartington. Unquestionably suave enough for this responsible post, it remains to be seen whether Sir Arthur Otway possesses sufficient strength of will to curb the verbosity of members accustomed to digress into labyrinths of empty talk. It cannot be doubted we have arrived at a juncture when a considerable majority would heartily support both the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees in an earnest endeavour to restrain within decent bounds the rhetorical flights of those personages who assume they have a chartered right to waste the valuable time of Parliament.

The late Egyptian Campaign is so grave a political question that it may be doubted whether Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "spirit of gay wisdom" is appropriate for the discussion of the problem. Consistent in his opposition to the war, the hon. Baronet on the 2nd inst. moved (receiving the support of Sir George Campbell and Mr. Henry Labouchere) the following resolution:—"That the House regretted it should be called upon to place increased burdens on the people in consequence of the late military operations in Egypt." But Lord E. Fitzmaurice having recapitulated the defence of the Government, Sir Wilfrid Lawson found himself again in a minority, his amendment being rejected by 94 to 24 votes. Sir Arthur Otway was at last permitted to take the chair; and, in Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. Childers made his formal debut as Chancellor of the Exchequer, explained that the total cost of the naval and military operations in Egypt would be £4,575,000, and obtained a vote of £500,000 as a grant to India to help to pay the cost of the Indian contingent. Ere the £738,000 for Army services in Egypt could be obtained, Lord Hartington was called upon to avow that Lord Wolseley's share of the national gratuity to be offered to the troops would be £1000, in addition to his annuity.

The Prime Minister had on Monday an opportunity of witnessing a peculiar bond of union cemented. The sympathy that has been plainly growing between the handful of malcontents on the front Opposition bench below the gangway and the group of advanced Radicals occupying a similar position face to face with the "Fourth Party" came to a head in Committee of Supply. Economy was the link that bound them. There was one item in the additional sum of £350,000 demanded for Egypt that not only elicited the remonstrances of Mr. Labouchere and Lord Randolph Churchill, but impelled the noble Lord to cross the floor to consult with the orthodox member for Northampton and even Mr. Peter Rylands, who bent down in earnest confabulation with the new guardian of the public purse. In the end, though the gnat of £76,000 for the Dutch house at Port Said was strained at by these strange allies, the financial camel was swallowed at the solicitation of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, along with many another, before the House rose. Of some importance was one passage in Mr. Gladstone's brief speech on this money vote for Egypt. It will be remembered that on the first night of the Session the Marquis of Hartington referred to "six months" as the period at the expiration of which it might be possible to withdraw the British troops from Egypt. But, replying to a direct appeal from Sir Walter Barttelot, Mr. Gladstone lent his high sanction to the more guarded language of Earl Granville, and remarked with emphasis that—

What my noble friend and what we all feel is, in the first place, that we have an important purpose to accomplish in Egypt; and, in the second place, when that purpose is accomplished, we are sincerely desirous to withdraw.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman displayed perfect tact and temper in placing these estimates before the House. Especially satisfactory was his explanation of the object of the late Professor Palmer's ill-fated expedition, that of securing the good will of the Arabs near the Suez Canal during the war. Later, on the consideration of the vote of £14,000 for the Transvaal, Mr. Gorst animadverted, not without reason, upon the barbarities of the Boers during a recent expedition against a Kaffir tribe. Lord Randolph Churchill was stimulated by Mr. E. Ashley's official reply to improve the occasion, and denounced the Earl of Derby's coldly logical reference to gunpowder and dynamite. The reckless rhetoric of the noble Lord brought Mr. Gladstone to his feet with an appeal to him to "devote his talents to correcting" his habitual inaccuracy. Altogether, the speeches of Mr. Gladstone on Monday yielded ample and welcome proof of his thorough restoration to health.

The Marquis of Lansdowne's motion in the House of Lords on Monday for a Royal Commission to report as to the best means of enabling Irish peasants to purchase their holdings elicited a variety of opinions, mostly in favour of the desirable object aimed at by the noble Marquis. These weighty opinions cannot but influence the Government, as Lord Carlingford, indeed, admitted, when the time comes to reopen the question. Meanwhile, the noble Lord who is the able mouthpiece of the Government on Irish matters in the Upper House deems it advisable to await the result of recent legislation on the land. Earl Stanhope's temperance measure—Payment of Wages in Public-Houses Prohibition Bill (to which the epithet "grandmotherly" was applied by the Marquis of Lansdowne)—gave rise on Tuesday to a debate such as the Earl of Shaftesbury delights in. The bill was read a second time by 58 votes to 20. Then Lord Donoughmore, fresh from trying his 'prentice hand at theatrical management at Her Majesty's, obtained the re-appointment of the Select Committee to inquire into the working of the Irish Land Act. The Lord Chancellor reserved Thursday for the introduction of his Contempt of Court Bill.

We enjoyed the luxury of a count-out in the Commons on Tuesday evening. It was earned by a prolonged sitting on the previous night. The respite from Parliamentary service was brought about during the discussion of Mr. Sellar's resolutions for reforming the system of private bill legislation. On Wednesday, a new writ was ordered for County Tipperary, Mr. J. Dillon's continued ill-health having rendered it incumbent on him to resign his seat. The afternoon was taken up with an interesting debate on Mr. G. Anderson's bill for the suppression of pigeon-shooting, the cruelty of which fashionable pastime is the less excusable, inasmuch as an artificial substitute in the shape of a terra-cotta bird has been contrived, and successfully introduced at the Ranelagh Club, as illustrated on another page. Sir H. Maxwell's amendment, tantamount to a motion to reject the bill, was negatived by 195 votes to 40, after Mr. Anderson had promised to omit the second clause. The bill for the equalising of the Irish and the English borough franchise came on too late to be thoroughly debated.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The further reduction in the Bank rate, to which I led my readers to look forward, has been made, and the Bank of England standard is now 3 per cent. The banks have in consequence lowered their deposit rate to 2 per cent, while the discount houses give that rate for money withdrawable without notice, and 2½ when notice is agreed to be given. It is now assumed that the market has reached its bottom for some time to come, and a further reduction is more especially thought not to be in prospect because of the weakness of the New York exchange, though it is not supposed that the decline in that rate will reach the point at which much gold would be taken from this side. Another less important point, tending in the same direction, is the resolve of the Dutch Government to sell a given quantity of silver with the view of adding to the stock of gold. But against both the one and the other has to be placed the much more important circumstance that almost at once the Italian Government is to let out the gold standard and to redeem the inferior currency therewith.

It may be said as regards money, therefore, that all the influences are in favour of securities, and as regards the weather—now all-important—there has been little but what is desired for a fortnight past. The very best stocks, however, have not further advanced, the public mind being just now concerned in looking after lower priced issues which may happen to have been unduly depreciated of late. All dividend-paying Foreign bonds have further advanced. There has also been a considerable recovery in British Railways, and also in United States Railways. Grand Trunk stocks are now showing more strength, but they have been very much depressed. It is the same with Mexican Railway stocks, but in both cases it is understood that the closing of several defaulting accounts has had more to do with the relapse than any fresh views as to the prospects of the respective railways. In the other departments there have been few features, but an advance in Atlantic Cable property and in some of the Electric Light shares has been conspicuous. The Grand Trunk dividend of 3½ per cent per annum upon the third preference stock is about up to the more recent views on the subject. The same may be said of the North British and Caledonian announcements, both being at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Once more the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad (more generally known by its original title of the Atlantic and Great Western) is to be associated with the Erie. Mr. Lewis has entered into a preliminary agreement to lease it to the Erie as from May 1. The terms are a scale of working expenses, the Erie providing all further capital outlay at 5 per cent interest, and guaranteeing that the net result to the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Road shall never be less than the net earnings of the past year. Mr. Lewis looks forward to the first year yielding his company 600,000 dols. Mr. Lewis is now half-way back to Europe, and he will doubtless be able to explain much; but the market has been adversely affected by the news as it stands, the present prominent contingency being, apparently, that the Erie Company would be quite able to keep down the net result to the earnings of last year.

The United States Supreme Court have decided that the coupons of the consolidated debt of Virginia are not receivable in payment for taxes, and this notification was immediately followed by a fall of 10 to 15 per cent. Thus is broken down the last point of the agreements entered into with the bondholders, as from Jan. 1, 1879. The legislature elected in 1879 repudiated the arrangements made by their predecessors, and interest payment has been in arrear as from July 1, 1879, but the unmet coupons were cut off and sold here for remittance to Virginia, where they were used in the payment of taxes. This also was opposed by the Legislature, and, on appeal to the highest United States court, this view has, as already stated, been upheld. There is apparently nothing to do but submit, and it is inferred that the bondholders will now have no claim on the State, unless they convert into proposed 3 per cent bonds at 53. The market value of such new bonds is said to be under 30.

T. S.

A meeting of representatives of London and provincial lawn-tennis clubs was held on Monday at the Charing-cross Hotel, at which several topics interesting to players were discussed. Such a conference is to be held annually.

A Marine Exhibition, for the benefit of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution and the Kingston Model Yacht Club, was opened on Monday at the Artillery Barracks, Hull, by Charles H. Wilson, Esq., M.P., remaining open daily until Saturday next, March 17. The exhibition consists of the largest display of model vessels ever collected together; inventions and appliances in connection with shipping, fisheries, life-saving, and coast-lighting; marine pictures, photographs, and drawings; marine curiosities, and other objects of interest.

THE COURT.

The satisfactory progress of the Duchess of Albany and her infant daughter has continued. A Council was held by her Majesty at Windsor last Saturday, when the Sheriffs for England and Wales were pricked by the Queen—the Duke of Albany, Lord Carlingford, Earl Sydney, Earl Granville, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson, M.P., being present. The members of the Council, except the Duke of Albany and Earl Sydney, had audiences of her Majesty, and Lord Kensington also, when he presented an Address from the House of Commons in reply to the Speech from the Throne, to which the Queen returned a reply. Her Majesty's dinner party included Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Albany, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, Sir Robert and Lady Bateson-Harvey, Lord Rowton, Colonel Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, and Captain Edwards. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Queen and the Royal family in the private chapel, the Rev. Canon Rowell officiating. Major-General Du Plat had an interview with her Majesty on his return from Berlin. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came to London on Monday, being escorted to Buckingham Palace from Paddington by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). Her Majesty and the Princess drove to St. James's Palace to see the Duchess of Cambridge. The Duke of Albany attended the House of Commons. The Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck dined with the Queen and Princess Beatrice.

The first Drawingroom of the season was held by her Majesty on Tuesday. The Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Prince of Leiningen were present. In the quadrangle and courtyard of the palace were guards of honour of the Grenadier and Royal Horse Guards, the park and street party being 1st Life Guards. The Queen wore a dress and train of black moiré antique and satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers and jet, and a white tulle veil, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. The Princess of Wales's dress was of dark green velvet over a jupe of pale green brocade embellished with gold and volants of lace, fastened with bunches of shaded carnations. Corsage and train to correspond. Princess Christian's train and corsage of brown broché velvet, the train trimmed with silver fox fur over a petticoat of vieux or satin, draped with Honiton lace. Princess Beatrice wore a bodice and train of pompadour satin trimmed with shaded roses—the petticoat of d'Argentan lace over salmon satin. The usual ornaments and orders were worn.

The presentations numbered just over a hundred. Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Albany went to the Princess's Theatre in the evening. Her Majesty, who returned to Windsor on Wednesday, will hold another Drawingroom next Tuesday, at Buckingham Palace. Of those who dined with the Queen previous to her visit to town were Princess Christian, Earl and Countess Granville, Sir Reginald and Lady Cathcart, the Right Hon. G. J. and Mrs. Goschen, and some of the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. Dr. Gustav Oppert, Professor of Sanskrit at the Presidency College, Madras, has been presented to the Queen. Colonel G. Smith is appointed a Groom in Waiting in Ordinary to her Majesty.

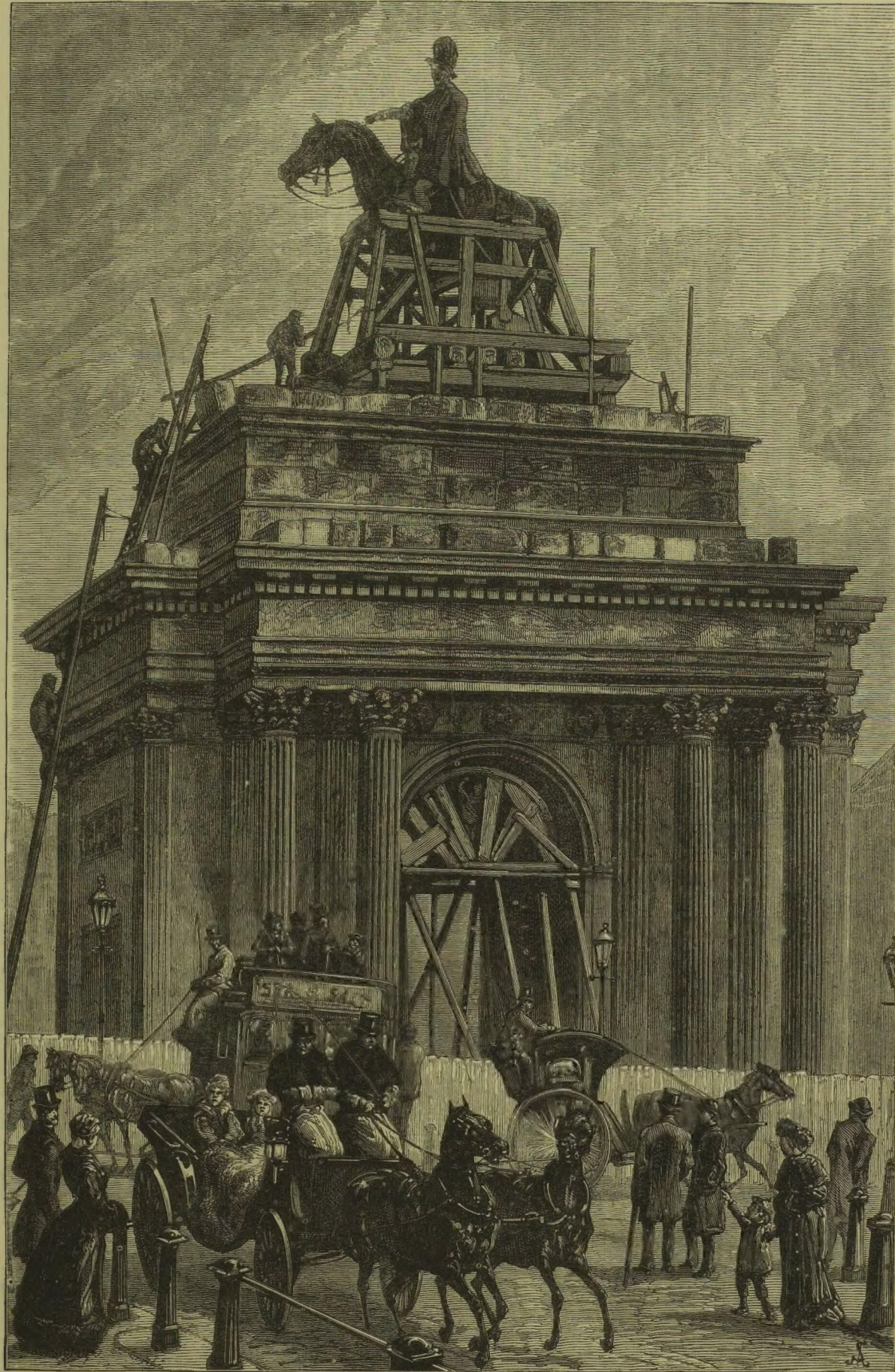
The Prince of Wales throughout his stay at Berlin received marked honours from the Imperial family, with whom he is a general favourite. The Emperor, who is particularly gratified at his Royal Highness's popularity at Berlin, has conferred upon him the rank of a General in the Prussian Army, and has presented him with a sword from the Hohenzollern Museum. The Prince has presented the officers of the Blücher Hussars with a portrait of himself, painted by Angele. His Royal Highness went to Neu Strelitz yesterday week on a visit to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, with the Grand Duchess and the Hereditary Grand Duke, received him at the railway station, a guard of honour being in attendance. A gala dinner was given by the Grand Duke, who proposed "The health of Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales," upon which the band played "God Save the Queen," the guests standing until the conclusion. The Prince then proposed "The health of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess." His Royal Highness returned to Berlin the next day, when he was entertained at dinner by Lord Amphil, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughters, and the members of the Augustenburg ducal family then at Berlin being present; among the guests were also a deputation of the Blücher Hussars. The Prince wore the uniform of the regiment. A dance followed the dinner. His Royal Highness, with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, attended Divine service on Sunday in the English chapel. The Prince received a visit from Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Centre party. On Monday his Royal Highness inspected the Fire Brigade and witnessed their exercises. The Art Institutes and the chief places of interest and amusement were visited by the Prince during his stay. His Royal Highness, after paying farewell visits to Prince Bismarck and other notables, took leave of his relatives on Tuesday, and left on his return home. The Prince will hold a Levee at St. James's Palace on Monday. The Princess, who came from Sandringham to attend the Queen's Drawingroom, returned the next day.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Berlin yesterday week, for Stuttgart. The Crown Prince accompanied them to the railway station, the members of the English and Russian Embassies being in attendance.

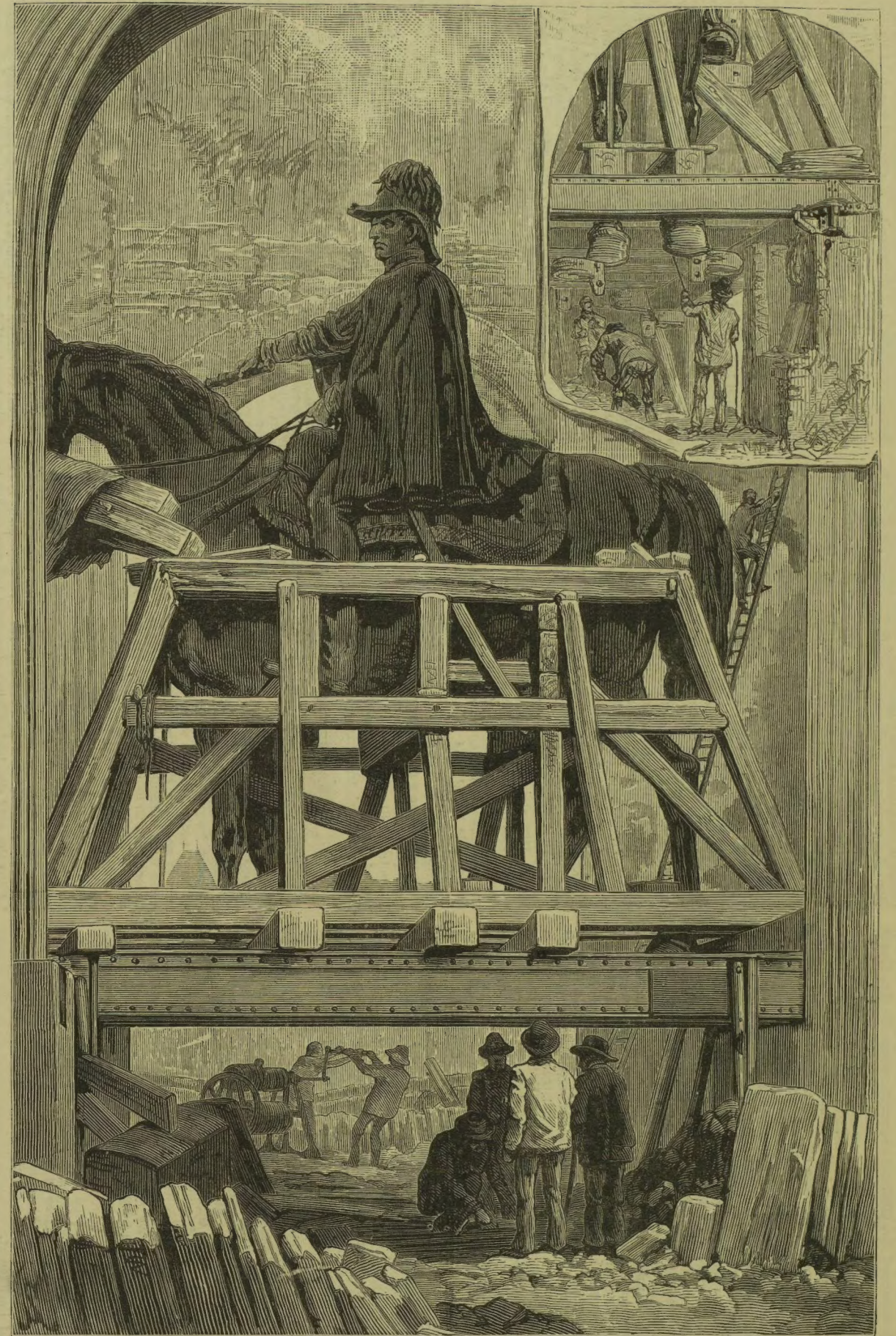
The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited Nice on the 1st inst., and it being the Mid-Lent fêtes they drove in a landau to the Promenade des Anglais to witness the gala corso, and battle of flowers. The Duchess evinced great pleasure in the proceedings, both throwing and receiving bouquets. Last Saturday the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came to Mentone and lunched with their Royal Highnesses at the Hôtel Bellevue. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris, the Duc de Chartres, and the Comte de Bardi, came from Cannes to Mentone on Sunday, and lunched with the Duke and Duchess. Monte Carlo has been visited by their Royal Highnesses, who attended a concert, and looked on at the play for a short time after.

As St. Patrick's Day falls on a Saturday this year, St. Patrick's ball at Dublin Castle will take place next Friday evening, the 16th inst.

Last week 2773 births and 1590 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 1, and the deaths 238, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 7 from smallpox, 19 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 13 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough, 3 from typhus, 15 from enteric fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 401 and 366 in the two preceding weeks, were 338 last week. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths; 44 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 25 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered, or nearly double the average number. In Greater London 3498 births and 1901 deaths were registered.



REMOVAL OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE, HYDE PARK-CORNER (SKETCHED JAN. 25).



REMOVAL OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE, HYDE PARK-CORNER (SKETCHED FEB. 27).



THE NEW LOVE. BY C. T. GARLAND.

The Coloured Supplement.

"GONE TO EARTH."

The present season with hounds, through the constant wet weather, is the worst we have had for years; as the state of the country has so hindered the sport, that already, in some districts, hunting has ended. Some farmers may possibly count this a gain, where the land was not fit for a man to ride over; but to many, no doubt, it will be a great loss, as stopping the sale of the horses they bred, and as leaving too many old foxes. One result of this premature ending of hunting—where floods swamped the fields or the soil was too soaked—will be trouble and worry to huntsmen; for the young hounds thus stopped in the midst of their lessons, will need looking after when next season comes, and what knowledge they now lack can be only supplied by the actual finding and running of foxes, as hounds have to know quite as much as their master, as to scent, and the ways and the wiles of their prey, and it takes a long time to learn it.

When, as a puppy, a fox-hound is duly "named," his tuition at once begins; for, as high courage and boldness are absolute points, he is sent to a farm-house to get rid of his shyness by mixing with what he each day finds there—men, horses, and children, farm stock and young things; where, scolded by each one, but petted by all—for, with the ways of a kitten, he has the tricks of a monkey—he remains "at walk" from the month of May till the end of the hunting season, when he changes his free and roving life for the irksome rules of the kennel. There, coupled with an old hound to teach him manners, he is daily walked about the paddock, and caressed and fed by the huntsman, until, less saucy and self-willed, he "comes to call" the moment he hears his name. Then he is taken out, still coupled, upon the road, and afterwards walked through sheep and deer, to be taught, when he runs through a flock or herd, that he must not heed or touch them; and as he is also taught to shun hares and rabbits—though they jump up under his very nose—he learns at last to take note of foxes only. Much of this knowledge he gains in the country; but to make him thoroughly learn his lesson, the huntsman, who has to be patient and kind, sticks to him all the summer; the sequel being that in August, when the corn is cut, he is, as the term goes, "entered to fox," and his business then begins—at least when the old hounds have had a few "cubbings," sufficient to make them steady. He then goes out with the rest, and learns what to do; and on how he does it depends whether he remains with the pack, or is draughted out as a worthless hound; but if he has enough in him to get promoted, he gets, with the rest, his two months "cubbing," and remains with them—if fit—the season. Excited at first with the joy of the chase, he is steadied and checked by the huntsman, whilst his knowledge is also daily increased by being with older hounds; so that at the end of the season, if he gives promise enough, his future is usually settled.

A fox-hound—and nothing is handsomer than one well bred—has, with the sense of man, more affection than many men have; and, with his intelligent face and expressive eyes, it is a pleasure to see him "work," when, with majestic bearing and animation, he waits for the wave of his master's hand to dash at once into cover. There, knowing the voice of the huntsman—who knows his, too—he eagerly searches each bush and brake until "a find" at last rewards him, when, encouraged and cheered as he stoops to the scent, to a scream of "Gone away!" he hurries up, and away he goes with the rest. To a young hound the first "find" is a great event, when he meets the cubs face to face, as with their fluffy coats and bright beady eyes, they look so pretty he doubtless would stop to play, did not the older ones urge him on. Then, later on, when the woods have their autumn tints, and the foxes afoot are both bold and big, it is amusing to watch him at "a run to ground," for, while the old hounds, who, of course, know all about it, settle down by the huntsman where his horse stands by, he will leave the rest and get on the bank above to see where the fox has gone. Such scenes come vividly to our mind as we note the hounds in the picture that we give this week, entitled "Gone to Earth."

THE NEW LOVE.

Hendon Hall, a weather-stained red brick house, with white stone dressings, is where, at Christmas, I am each year expected to enjoy the hospitality of my friend, John Moore, who is a typical country squire; and no better fellow than he is to be found in the county—that charming oak-timbered one of picturesque Warwickshire. With woods to back it, and a park in front, it is as pretty a place as a man need stay at; but it never looks prettier than at that time, when the cedars are crested with a weight of snow, and there is a wide, white world outside. Things go merrily then indoors, with the romping girls who are there, his two daughters, Kate and Minnie, the former, who is my pet, being eleven years old, and the latter two years younger. Kate is the saucy one, and has long, dark locks, and her sister's hair is golden; the tint of her mother's when, at her age, she was my sweetheart when I was with John at school. He cut me out, however, as we grew up, and he calls me now "old bachelor," as my first love was my last. Pet styles me "uncle," though we are not related, and Minnie "old uncle Tom"; and a fine time have I with each of them, as, whatever they do or wherever they go, I am the one who must always be with them till they are now and then called to order. They have a brother—young Jack—who is then home from school, and of the important age of "fourteen and a quarter"—at least such was his age when he impressed it upon me; a bright, nice lad who, as he is not yet spoilt, may grow up to be as good a man as his father; and there is promise that he will do so, as he is a hard worker and thinker, good-natured and manly, his mother's own idol and his father's best hope.

With so much indoors to make life pleasant, and with so much outside there to make time pass quickly—skating, shooting, hunting, and rabbiting—I am sorry when the time comes for my visit to end, though I also see much of them during the year. Hence, at Christmas, I frequently stay with them longer than at first I had promised to do, as some special inducement is always advanced to cause me to change the day; and so many good reasons were forthcoming last time that I could not do less than linger. At length the final day drew nigh; and, as that was the last one I should have with the merry girls, I had to spend it with them; and a hard day they certainly gave me. In the morning I had to go for a very long ride, and then to the wood after dinner; where, in lieu of a nap in the afternoon, I had to join them in the finding and picking of primroses; for as the wood faced the south, and lay warm to the sun, its mossed banks were star-spangled early. Great fun we of course had; and when we got back at five, I was far more tired than they were; but, as soon as the tea-things had been removed, I had first to show them tricks with cards, and then to tell them tales, which, as supper came, closed with some true dog stories, and soon after they went to bed. I chose that sort as they were fond of dogs, and had each their pet at home, saucy Kate's being a greyhound she called "Clarinda," and

Minnie's a fox-terrier, whose name was "Tip," and who was, as she told me, "her very own," as he had been given to her by one of the tenants.

That her sister, though younger, should thus "own" a dog, had never made my pet jealous, as she was a very good girl; but so much had my Skye story seemed to impress her, that she said, the next morning, how she should like one herself to cuddle and play with, and nurse when she chose, and to make a pet of, like Tip. I replied, "Well, I'll tell you then what you must do between now and your birthday, which you know is next month; you must wish that the fairies will send one," and as I kissed them both as I went away, I resolved that her wishing should not be in vain. So when I went there again for that day, I had with me in the dog-cart a small bundle of fluff, in the shape of a fawn Skye, "Tiney." There was joy in that household soon, and when Kate at last settled down with him in her grannie's big chair, and the greyhound, so gentle, looked placidly on, Tip jealously tried to be nursed also, and gazed long at the new pet, "Tiney."

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

We have already announced that a new society has been formed to conduct the exhibitions at this gallery, in consequence of the secession of many members of the former committee to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, whose handsome and spacious new galleries, a little farther east in Piccadilly, will be opened before long. "The Dudley" has done good service during the last eighteen years in bringing before the public many young artists of merit, and, judging by the present display of water-colour drawings, it may still perform the same worthy function. The new members include several distinguished names, professional or amateur; but, as before, the interest of the exhibition is largely due to the contributions of artists comparatively little known. The number of the works amount to 534—more than sufficient to fill the space conveniently within view. There is, as heretofore, a large proportion of "padding," but we were agreeably surprised to find but little lowering of the former standard. The absence of some seceders whose always prominently-placed works tended to give a monotonous character to the show will not be regretted, since room has thereby been gained for drawings of fresher interest, if not greater merit. Many of these, however, are, as might be expected, too unimportant in subject or scale to demand critical comment.

The post of honour at the head of the room is occupied by "The Call to Prayer, Midan Mosque, Bagdad," by A. Melville—a composition of numerous figures, with a rich background of Oriental architecture. The strange scene is realised with extraordinary vigour, and, at the proper distance, a fine sense of colour and effect are apparent. We say "at the proper distance," because the execution is singularly loose, "blottesque," and staid; indeed, rather too oblivious of detail, even with due focal allowance, if the work be claimed as more than a sketch. Something of French *chic*, or conscious display of mastery, prevents a frank acceptance of the handling by the spectator. Another remarkable drawing is No. 260, by Walter Langley, representing an aged cottage dame with snow-white hair, seated, ruminating over her Bible. Admirable for breadth of light and shade, and for the fulness and richness of the tones, it is at the antipodes to the preceding in completeness and elaboration; yet it escapes, or very nearly escapes, an impression of labour. Much may be expected of Mr. Langley when he acquires a little freer command of his great resources. For some of the remaining works of mark we have space to offer only bare mention or little more, and for this purpose we may conveniently follow the order of the catalogue. No. 6 is one of several drawings by H. Caffieri, noticeable for artistic qualities of colour. "Otterton, Devon" (9), by J. W. B. Knight, is effective. In Nos. 11 and 12, the skilful scene-painter W. R. Beverley shows himself at home on a small scale. "A Surrey Heath" (32), by A. Powell. "Loch Acrey" (40), by David Law, shows a true sentiment. "An Alpine slope near Zermatt" (49), by J. M. Donne, is very striking and refined in treatment, but in some other Alpine subjects the declivities are impossible even for goatherds as represented. "Warkworth Castle" (70), by J. Surtees. "The Church of St. Francis, Assisi" (74), by Harry Goodwin. No. 78, a lady backed by "The flowering may," by Edith Martineau—expressive and careful. "The Centa Gate, Tetuan" (88), by J. Varley. "The Butresses of Snowdon" (95), by F. Livesay—well drawn. "Our Village" (96), by J. H. Henshall, with a peculiar blue-grey twilight effect, broadly and artistically rendered. A figure-picture by this artist is still more noteworthy—"Behind the Bar" (112), showing in a (too blueish) glare of gas the wretched frequenters of a gin palace, a thief robbing an unconscious sot, a drunken mother forcing her loathing babe to share her dram, and other illustrations of the depravity engendered by drink. "Marsh Land" (122), by A. W. Weedon, is a marked advance in the direction of the style of David Cox. No. 138 is a queer subject vigorously treated by H. R. Steer. "Bowling Along" (148), by C. N. Hemy. "Loch Lubnag, Perthshire," by J. Smart, the able painter of the Scottish Academy. No. 200, by J. O'Connor. "St. Paul's from Westminster—Sunrise" (230)—one of Arthur Severn's always impressive London views. Mr. Walter Severn is also well represented. "Summer" (233), by W. A. Ingram—delicate perhaps to excess. "Wargrave on the Thames" (238), by W. Bradley—a pleasing drawing. "The Custom House and Tower from London Bridge" (310), by H. Medlicott. "The Fringe of the Fir Wood" (322), by J. T. Watts. "Golden Sunlight—Venice" (341), by Pownoll Williams—skilful, but seems to have been suggested by similar subjects by Miss Clara Montalba, and is not so good as most of the works by this artist we lately reviewed. "East Coast of Sicily" (446) is a very brilliant little drawing by J. Brett. There are many other works deserving notice, but we must be content to commend to the visitor those by Viscount Bury, the Hon. F. Charteris, Mary Eley, E. R. Franz, J. H. Leonard, Edwin Ellis, J. J. Bannatyne, R. W. Frazer, Walter H. Paton, H. A. Harper, K. Macaulay, W. G. Addison, G. F. Glennie, and W. Birket Foster.

In a Parochial Board Election at Edinburgh yesterday week two lady candidates were returned, one of them being placed at the head of the poll.

A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Ernest C. Meysey Thompson, brother of Sir Meysey Thompson, of Kirby Hall, Yorkshire, and Lady Mary Bertie, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey.

The first ball in aid of the funds for founding an Italian hospital in London will take place at Willis's Rooms on Monday next. The orchestra will be conducted by Signor Corti. Tickets may be obtained at the Hôtel Continental, Regent-street, and at Willis's Rooms.

The sale of the choice collection of old French decorative furniture and objects of art, the property of the late Dowager Countess of Essex, was begun on Tuesday, the day's sale realising £6000. The late Countess was the celebrated actress and vocalist Miss Kitty Stephens, who retired from the stage in 1838, on her marriage with the fifth Earl of Essex.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Though there was no event of particular interest in the Manchester programme last week, there was a large attendance on each of the two days. Since the New-Year's meeting the steeplechase course has been entirely remodelled under the personal superintendence of Mr. Robert P. Anson, and is now about as good as it can be made. Glen Jorsa, once about the top of the tree amongst "hunters," must have deteriorated considerably of late, for Starvation beat him easily enough at about level weights in a Selling Steeplechase, yet no one cared to bid £200 for the winner, when he was put up to auction in accordance with the conditions. The performance of Thornfield (13 st.), in winning the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase under his welter weight, was a remarkably good one, and Mr. Rothschild must rather regret that he scratched him for the Grand National. Still, though the horse stayed this three miles and a quarter well enough, it is very doubtful if he could get more than a mile further, even under a much lighter weight. Albert Cecil (10 st. 6 lb.), who was only a bad third to Thornfield, confirmed the excellence of the form by winning the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase with 19 lb. more on his back on the following day, when the useful Beatus secured another hurdle-race.

Notwithstanding that the regular March weather made things very unpleasant for outdoor sport, the opening day of the Croydon Meeting was patronised by an enormous gathering of spectators, who were threatened with a severe snow-storm more than once, but fortunately escaped with nothing worse than a good winter blow. The course proved to be in excellent going order, while the racing was of a fairly interesting character throughout. The chief event on the programme was the Grand International Hurdle-Race, which was won, after a grand race, by Mr. E. Benjamin's Chichester, by Cathedral—Sarcasm, 5 years, 10 st. 4 lb., who defeated Major Bunbury's Mohican, 6 years, 11 st. 8 lb., by about a length. Hesper, aged, 12 st. 3 lb., who won this race five years ago, came to grief, and his rider, Mr. Owen, was severely shaken. None of the other events call for special comment. There was a decided improvement in the weather on the second day, for although the wind blew very cold at times, it kept nice and dry, whilst occasionally the sun shone out brilliantly. A deal of interest was manifested in the Hunters' Hurdle-Race, but unfortunately the favourite, Athlaca (13 st. 4 lb.), fell at the third hurdle from home, leaving a despised outsider in Kempsey (12 st. 9 lb.) to win in the easiest of canters. The United Kingdom Steeplechase resulted in a splendid race between Magna Charta (10 st. 12 lb.) and Albert Cecil (11 st. 11 lb.), the former winning by a head.

Owing to the tide being unsuitable on Saturday, March 17, the Inter-University boat-race will be rowed next Thursday, the 15th inst., at about half-past five in the afternoon. The Cambridge men arrived at Putney early last week, but the Oxonians only reached there on Monday, on which day both crews were out. The "light blues" are a strong, heavy crew—they average 8 lb. per man more than their opponents—and are well trained, but they do not seem to make the most use of their strength, have improved little, if at all, since they began to practice on tidal water, and display a great want of life when rowing a fast stroke. The debut of the Oxford men was highly satisfactory, as their time and swing was infinitely superior to that shown by their rivals, and there was any amount of dash and "go" in their rowing. Of course, the next few days may see an altered state of affairs; but, at present, we anticipate another easy victory for Oxford. Appended are the names and weights of both crews at the time of writing:—

OXFORD.		st. lb.
G. C. Bourne, New College (bow)	...	10 9
R. S. de Havilland, Corpus	...	11 2
G. S. Fort, Hertford	...	12 0
E. L. Puxley, Brasenose	...	12 5½
D. H. McLean, New College	...	12 9
A. R. Paterson, Trinity	...	12 13
W. E. Austin, Magdalen	...	11 10
L. R. West, Christ Church (stroke)	...	11 2
E. Lyon, Hertford (cox.)	...	8 3
CAMBRIDGE.		st. lb.
R. C. Gridley, Third Trinity (bow)	...	10 9½
F. W. Fox, First Trinity	...	12 1
C. W. Moore, Christ's	...	12 11½
P. W. Atkin, Jesus	...	12 2
F. E. Churchill, Third Trinity	...	13 6
S. Swann, Trinity Hall	...	12 13
S. Fairbairn, Jesus	...	13 9
F. C. Meyrick, Trinity Hall (stroke)	...	11 11
P. L. Hunt, Cavendish (cox.)	...	8 0

We much regret to have to record the very sudden death of Mr. John G. Chambers, which occurred early on Sunday morning. He had been in bad health for some months past, but lately seemed to be recovering, and his death was immediately due to a fit. Mr. Chambers was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and filled a place in the University boat in 1862 and 1863. He was also a fair sculler, and was elected President of the C.U.B.C. in 1864; whilst, we believe, he once took part in the double-handed billiard match against Oxford. On leaving college he turned his attention chiefly to athletic sports, and gained some reputation as a walker; but he never lost his interest in aquatics, and his services as coach were always at the disposal of the Cambridge crew during their annual sojourn at Putney. He also frequently acted as umpire at regattas and sculling-matches. Mr. Chambers was always noted as the hardest of hard workers either at business or play, and, at the time of his death, was editor and proprietor of *Land and Water*, and proprietor of Lillie-bridge Athletic Grounds.

The annual Cross-Country Championship took place over the usual course on Saturday last, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. There were ninety-two runners, representing eight clubs, and, as was generally anticipated, the Moseley Harriers, who won the cup in 1881-2, easily retained it, the Birchfield Harriers being second, and the South London Harriers third. W. G. George was generally regarded as certain to come in first, but, after a capital finish, he was cleverly beaten by G. A. Dunning, who accomplished a best on record by running the distance—about eleven miles and three quarters—in 1 hour 6 min. 25 sec.

The time fixed for the receipt of applications for space at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition has been extended to the 20th inst., by which date they should be in the hands of the secretary of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, 4, The Sanctuary, Westminster.

At the annual general meeting of the Star Life Assurance Company on Monday—under the presidency of Alderman Sir W. M. Arthur, M.P.—his portrait, which had been voted to him at a meeting of the company during the time he held the office of Lord Mayor in 1881, was unveiled by the Deputy-Chairman amidst loud applause. The portrait is exceedingly well drawn, and is a life-like representation of the Alderman standing in an easy position, attired in his civic robes and chain. It is by Mr. Edgar Williams, and has been much admired for its execution and finish.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 6.

The fêtes of the Mi-Carême, a new novel by Zola, a new opera by Camille Saint-Saëns, the question of the revision of the Constitution, the Victor Hugo banquet—such have been the principal topics of the week. On Thursday of mid-Lent, as usual, the washerwomen of Paris paraded the streets and boulevards, clad in fantastic costumes and riding in strangely decorated vehicles. All over the town there were fancy balls for the children, matinees at the theatres, and a general outpouring of the population such as one sees only in Paris on sunny holidays. The Victor Hugo banquet on Tuesday night gathered some 150 men of letters and journalists round the table of the Hôtel Continental to celebrate the eighty-first anniversary of the poet's birth. One passage from M. About's speech is worth recording. However much insincerity and self-seeking there may be among the Victor Hugo worshippers, there is much truth in M. About's words. "It is," he said, "no small satisfaction for us, small and great writers of France, to see that the greatest of the men of our century, the most admired, the most applauded, the most loved, is neither a man of war, nor a man of science, nor a man of money, but a man of letters."

Of M. Emile Zola's new novel "Au Bonheur des Dames," the first thing to be said is that it is almost completely chaste. It is a novel without passion, without plot, almost without humanity; a novel in which everything else is sacrificed to description. M. Zola devotes more than 500 closely-printed pages to the description in all its details and in all its aspects of an immense bazaar like the Bon Marché or the Louvre. As a study in word-painting, the book is extremely curious; but the very nature of the subject renders it necessarily monotonous. And really, if description is to so completely swamp plot and study of character, there is no reason why M. Zola should not go on without end writing similar novels on a cotton-mill, a grocery shop, a railway terminus, or chemical works.

A new work at the Paris Opera is so rare a phenomenon that it counts amongst Parisian events of the first order. M. Camille Saint-Saëns is acknowledged to be a master. Since 1881 he has been member of the Institute, and yet at the age of forty-eight he is unknown to the general public in France, and known only to the few as the author of some exquisite "Mélodies Persanes," "Samson et Dalila," "La Déluge," some concertos, some chamber music, and two operas—"Le Timbre d'Argent," played at the Théâtre Lyrique, and "Etienne Marcel," played at Lyons. The opera of "Henri VIII.," produced at the Opera last night, was thus practically M. Saint-Saëns' début before a Parisian public. The success of the piece, it must be confessed, was not complete. The score is unanimously admitted to be that of a musician of the highest order who has been paralysed by a stupid libretto without logic and without real psychology. "Henri VIII." is full of exquisite melody, cavatinas and romances; but there is no dramatic whole; the piece is a lyric drama of a hybrid nature, and without consistency. In the composition of his work M. Saint-Saëns has hesitated between the conventionality of the old-fashioned opera and the modern conception of the lyric drama. From the musical point of view, "Henri VIII." contains an extraordinary amount of talent, and some fragments that will maintain gloriously the reputation of the French school. There is a quatuor in the fourth act that will henceforward rival the quatuor of "Rigoletto." "Henri VIII." is well mounted, and satisfactorily interpreted by Madame Kraus as Catherine of Aragon, Mdlle. Richard as Anne Boleyn, M. Lassalle as Henry VIII., and M. Dereims as Don Gomez de Feria.

Notes and News.—The novelties announced at the theatres this month are: a drama by M. Vacquerie, on Warwick the King-maker, to be called "Formosa," at the Odéon; "Peau Neuve," by Gondinet, at the Palais-Royal; a modern drama, "As de Trèfle," at the Ambigu; and a revival of Augier's "Effrontés," at the Comédie-Française.—The Baron Ch. Davillier, the eminent amateur and writer on art, died suddenly of apoplexy last Thursday. It is understood that after the death of his widow his splendid collection will go to the Louvre. The Baron Ch. Davillier wrote the text of Gustave Doré's Spain and a number of books on Spanish art, faience, jewellery, &c.—The politicians have been occupied during the past week almost exclusively with the question of the revision of the Constitution. The debate began yesterday, and M. Ferry demanded as a vote of confidence the rejection of the Andrieux-Barodet propositions. M. Ferry maintained that the country did not ask for the revision of the Constitution, and, while admitting the need of revision some day or another, he contested the opportuneness of the measure for the present. The debate was brought to a close to-day, the Government obtaining a large majority. T. C.

A Royal decree has been signed in Rome for the resumption of specie payments by Italy. The decree will come into operation during the first fortnight of April.—On Monday afternoon a marble tablet, placed by the Municipality of Rome on the house, No. 17, Via dei Prefetti, in commemoration of the residence of Samuel Morse, the telegraph inventor, in it, from February, 1825, to January, 1826, was uncovered in presence of the authorities, of Mr. Astor, United States Minister at Rome, and many American residents and visitors.

The German Emperor's birthday (March 22) falling this year on Holy Thursday, will be celebrated next Saturday.—The postponed festivities in celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany took place on Wednesday week in Berlin, the city being *en fête* all day. After the banquet at the Palace, at which the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Grand Duke Vladimir, and the other distinguished personages now visiting the capital were present, the great festal procession was carried out in a grand style in the Old Palace, nearly all the Princes and Princesses of the German Imperial house and related families taking part in it. The costumes throughout were of a most gorgeous character.—Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, on his return journey from Mount Sinai, visited without any military escort the scene of the murder of the unfortunate Professor Palmer and his party. The Prince was in no way molested by the Bedouins of the district. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia arrived at Beyrout on Sunday evening and left on Monday for Damascus, Baulbe, and other places of interest in the Holy Land.

The Crown Prince of Austria has consented to become patron of the Electrical Exhibition to be held at Vienna during the present year, while the Emperor has signified his intention of contributing some highly decorated rooms for the purpose of testing the effects of incandescent lighting in connection with various styles of decoration.—The Austrian and Hungarian Governments have at last agreed upon the regulation of the Iron Gate. The only points still unsettled are mere details respecting the blowing up of rocks which must be cleared away.—The general discussion of the Budget in the Reichsrath was concluded yesterday week.

It is officially announced in Copenhagen that M. Delcomyn has been appointed Danish Consul-General in London.

The general debate on the Budget in the Greek Chamber closed on Monday. The Opposition introduced a motion censuring the financial measures of the Government, but it was rejected by 106 votes to 62. The Chamber has approved the Estimates of the Foreign Office, and begun the discussion of the Estimates of the Ministry of Justice.

Last Saturday the Tariff Bill, having been settled at a Conference between the two Houses of the United States Legislature and adopted by the Senate, was passed by the House of Representatives by 152 votes to 115, and it has since been signed by the President. The Session of Congress closed at noon on Sunday. The Houses reassemble Dec. 3. The Shipping Bill failed to pass the Legislature, the House having refused to agree to the amendments made by the Senate. Senator Edmunds, Vermont, has been elected President of the Senate. He took the oath as Vice-President of the United States upon assuming office.—The Michigan Legislature, after a protracted and exciting contest, lasting for several weeks, has elected Thomas Palmer, Republican, as Senator, in succession to Mr. Terry, also Republican.—Mr. Alexander Stephens, formerly Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, recently a Congressman, and latterly Governor of Georgia, died last Saturday, aged seventy-one.—The Tennessee House of Representatives has passed the bill regulating the State Debt. The measure provides for the payment of 50 cents per dollar, together with interest at 3 per cent on all but the State Debt proper and the Bonds of State Educational Institutions, which it is proposed to pay off at par, with the contract rate of interest.—Sixteen persons have been drowned by the capsizing of a steam-boat on the Yazoo River.

The revenue of the Canadian Dominion from July 1, 1882, to the end of February, 1883, was 22,719,775 dol., and the expenditure 17,762,311 dol.; including 3,605,630 dol. in the shape of subsidies for various provinces.—The New Brunswick Ministry has tendered its resignation, and Mr. Blair, the leader of the Opposition, has been requested by the Lieutenant-Governor to form a new Cabinet.

Mr. J. R. Green, the author of "History of the English People," and other historical works, died at Mentone on Wednesday morning.

HOME NEWS.

It is stated that the Duke of Westminster will succeed the late Lord Egerton of Tatton as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Chester.

Mr. W. S. Waymouth, M.A., Senior Assistant-Master of the King's School, Chester, has been appointed Head Master of the High School at Stockton-on-Tees.

The annual congress of the Social Science Association is to be held from Oct. 3 to Oct. 10 at Huddersfield. A preliminary public meeting will be held in that town on the 21st inst.

A gentleman who last week advertised in the *Daily News* columns for a clerk and bookkeeper, at a salary of three pounds per week, received in reply 1950 applications.

The Bank rate was reduced on the 1st inst. to 3 per cent. About a fortnight ago it was lowered from 4 to 3½, and five weeks ago from 5 to 4 per cent.

The China Inland Mission, which makes no appeal for subscriptions, has just received a sum of £3000 as an anonymous contribution for its funds for foreign work.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to become the President of the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Clapton.

The good-service pension of £150 a year, vacant by the retirement of Captain S. P. Townsend, has been awarded to Captain Morgan Singer.

The Earl of Morley, in the absence of the Marquis of Hartington, presided last Saturday at the annual meeting of the Royal United Service Institution, when a most satisfactory account of the year's proceedings was given.

As some workmen were excavating in a field belonging to Dover College, they discovered a handsome massive gold bracelet of an antique design. Several urns and other relics have been found near the same spot.

Councillor James Jones, and Mr. T. D. Llewellyn, of Swansea, have announced their intention of giving a subscription of £1000 each towards the fund being raised there for the proposed college for South Wales.

Mr. Alfred Hays, of Royal Exchange Buildings and Old Bond-street, has issued a book containing plans of all the principal London theatres, with the numbering of the seats, so that persons desiring tickets can select their places and order, without attending at a place where plans are kept.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., on Wednesday and Thursday alternately opened a Bazaar Swiss and Olde Englishe Fayre, at Rugg's Repository, High-street, Clapham. The receipts are to aid the renovation and extension of the Stockwell Baptist Chapel and Sunday school.

Joseph Livesey, one of "the seven of Preston" (the originators of the teetotal pledge), having just entered his ninetieth year, has been presented with an address by the Temperance Society of Preston, and has received presents and congratulations from all parts of the kingdom.

The shipments of live stock to Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada were of cattle an increase on the previous week, and a slight decrease of sheep. The supply of fresh meat from the above ports during the past week was a decrease, and was the smallest landed since the beginning of the year.

Wrotham House, the seat of the Earl of Stafford, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night. Fortunately, most of the pictures and a large portion of the furniture were saved.—The handsome mansion, Craig Dhu Warren, the residence of General Smyley, near Portrush, Ireland, was destroyed by fire early on Wednesday morning. The inmates had a narrow escape.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on the 1st inst. Several medals and other rewards were voted for good service done during the recent storms. The Duke of Northumberland will preside over the annual meeting of the institution, which is to be held at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday next, at three o'clock.

It has been decided, at a meeting of the Common Council, to subscribe £1000 towards the expenses of the International Fisheries Exhibition. A memorial from the working classes resident in Clerkenwell and adjacent districts, urging the opening of the Farringdon Market for the sale of fish, has been referred to the Markets Committee for consideration.

A complimentary dinner was given yesterday week by the Northampton and Leicester Sessions Bar at the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar-square, to Mr. A. P. Hensman, recently appointed Attorney-General of Western Australia; on which occasion nearly the whole of the members of the Sessions attended to do him honour. Mr. Sills was in the chair.

The first annual ball of the London Inverness-shire Association was announced to take place at the Freemasons' Tavern yesterday. The objects of this association are to encourage education in Inverness-shire; to cultivate a knowledge of the history and traditions of the county and the Highlands generally; to assist, by every means in its power, deserving persons, natives of Inverness-shire, who may stand in need of the influence and assistance of the association; and to promote friendly intercourse among Inverness-shire men in or near London.

Mr. Borlase, M.P., has been elected president of the Farmers' Alliance, in room of Mr. J. Howard, M.P., who has resigned.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Club held on Monday, a previous resolution, moved by Mr. C. S. Read, approving generally the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Agriculture and advocating speedy legislation, was adopted by a large majority.—At the monthly meeting of the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, held on Tuesday at the rooms of the Society of Arts, a resolution was adopted urging that the landing of foreign live animals should not be permitted, save from countries perfectly free from contagious diseases.

The class lists for the Cambridge University Local Examinations, held at numerous centres last December, were published yesterday week. Of boys there were 609 senior candidates. Thirty-three passed in class I., 46 in class II., and 66 in class III., while 183 satisfied the examiners and 246 failed. Of junior boys there were 3811 candidates. Two hundred and seventy passed in class I., 339 in class II., and 527 in class III.; 1374 satisfied the examiners, and 996 failed. Of senior girls there were 1268 candidates. Sixteen passed in class I., 56 in class II., and 89 in class III., while 531 satisfied the examiners, and 544 failed. Of junior girls there were 1788 candidates. In class I. 43 passed, 91 in class II., and 276 in class III.; 791 satisfied the examiners, and 495 failed.

The proposed distribution of the volunteer forces for the manœuvres near Brighton on Easter Monday, under the command of General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, has been issued. The total force is nearly 22,600 of all arms, supplied from London, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, the Tower Hamlets, Oxfordshire, Bucks, Cambridgeshire, Herefordshire, Sussex, the Cinque Ports, Gloucestershire, and Lancashire. The eastern or attacking force, commanded by Major-General G. W. A. Higginson, C.B., will consist of 13,940 men, and the western or defending force, commanded by Major-General Newdigate, of 8649 men.—Colonel Sir W. Owen Lanyon visited Brighton on Monday to inspect the site of the review ground and lay out the plan for the sham-fight on Easter Monday. The decision arrived at was that the review should be held practically on the same ground as that occupied by the volunteers in 1831.

Yesterday week the Manchester Ship Canal Bill came before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Standing Orders, on appeal from the decision of Mr. Frere, one of the examiners, who held that the Standing Order had not been complied with, inasmuch as the promoters had failed to deposit the plans and sections respecting the construction of a low-water channel to Runcorn, a point on the Mersey, together with an estimate of the same, and the Parliamentary deposit of 4 per cent. The bill provides for the construction of a canal, which shall be suitable for navigation by vessels of large tonnage, from Liverpool to Manchester. The estimated cost of the works is £5,633,951, and the canal is to be made by an independent company incorporated with a share capital of £6,000,000. After considering in private for some time, the Committee came to the conclusion unanimously that the Standing Orders should be dispensed with.

Mr. Justice Stephen had before him on Wednesday the cases of F. Stedman v. Parnell and H. F. Stedman v. Parnell. These were actions brought respectively by a mother and daughter for assault and for breach of promise to marry. The defendant, a mining engineer at Charing-cross, had engaged to marry Miss Stedman, a lady living with her mother near Enfield. The defendant took and partly furnished a house, in which Mrs. and Miss Stedman went to live; but subsequently he changed his mind, gave them notice to "clear out," and ultimately, during Miss Stedman's absence, "cleared out" the old lady and the furniture which belonged to her into the road. Mr. Justice Stephen held that as there was no unnecessary violence used, although a man who would so act might be "unfit for decent society," no action would lie against him. The action for assault was accordingly withdrawn. In the breach of promise action the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £500, with £10 in respect of some furniture claimed.

Mr. William Morris, on Tuesday night, gave an address, at a conversazione of art and literary societies in Manchester, on "Art, Wealth, and Riches." He said he was so discontented with the present condition of art, and the matter was so serious, that he desired to make other people share his discontent. Almost all ordinary wares now made by man were shabbily and pretentiously ugly. In justification of his discontent he pointed to the present state of architecture. Not even the pine-trees and gardens could make the rich men's houses at Bournemouth tolerable. They were simply blackguardly; and even as he spoke they were being built by the mile. He condemned, as the immediate cause of the degrading labour which so oppressed a large part of the people, the system of organisation of labour under which men became mere machines. Competitive commerce had degraded the craft, and, crazy as they might think him, he was bound to declare himself in open rebellion against it.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

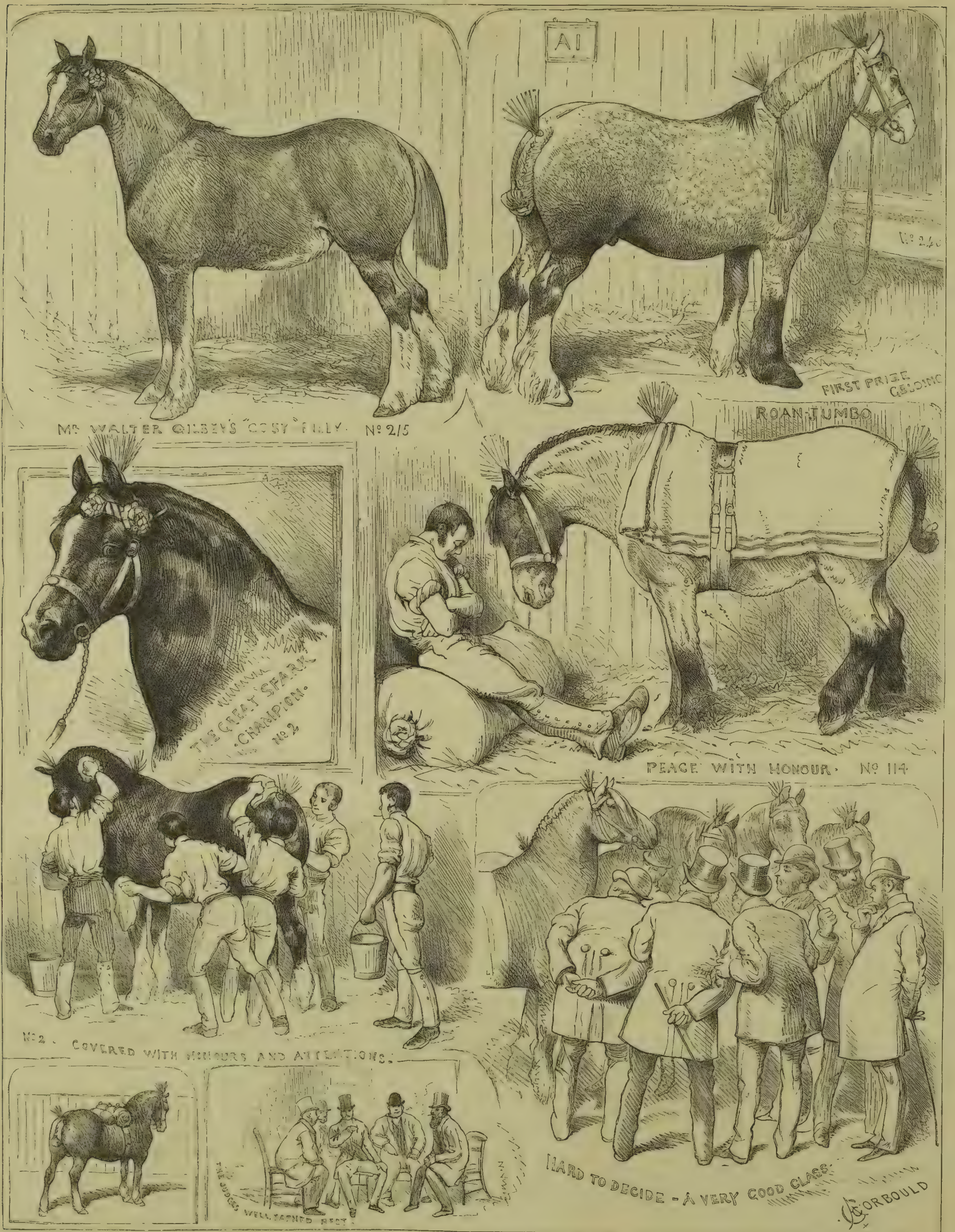
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, next morning.
	Barometer corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 48 hours, next morning.	
Feb. 25	30.651	46.0	41.4	85	10	50.7	42.8	WSW.	99	0.000
26	30.577	40.3	37.8	92	8	47.5	37.2	WSW.	153	0.000
27	30.422	43.4	38.1	83	7	48.7	37.2	W.	206	0.025
28	30.400	48.4	42.3	81	7	54.4	43.9	WSW. WNW.	129	0.080
1	30.486	45.8	38.8	79	10	48.8	44.6	NNE.	289	0.000
2	30.593	40.1	33.2	78	7	45.4	39.2	NE.	278	0.000
3	30.666	37.6	36.2	95	0	47.8	30.2	NE. E.	171	0.010*

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m. :—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	..	30.653	30.643	30.468	30.497	30.456	30.618	30.717
Temperature of Air	..	40.5	39.3	42.2	49.1	47.0	39.6	32.1
Temperature of Evaporation	..	44.9	38.8	40.1	47.0	43.8	30.0	31.8
Direction of Wind	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	W.	N.	NNE.



CART-HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

The fourth annual exhibition of the English Cart-horse Society was held last week, from Tuesday to Friday, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were 245 entries, of which 148 were male horses for breeding, besides the mares, fillies, and geldings. The animals of the first-mentioned description were divided into two classes, the first class being those of larger size. In this class there were eighteen horses; most of them very grand creatures; among which the finest of all was Mr. Walter Gilbey's five-year old entire horse Spark, which also carried off two other prizes; Spark won the President's Cup, given by the Earl of Powis for the best

stallion in classes 1, 2, and 3, and, in competition with Roan Jumbo, Spark was adjudged further to be the best horse in the show, and consequently his owner won also the fifty-guinea champion cup. This is not the first time Spark has distanced all competitors for the championship, which fell to him in 1881 when exhibited by his breeder, Mr. W. R. Rowland. So much did Mr. Gilbey admire the horse on that occasion, that he became his possessor at the high price of 800 guineas. Since then he has won several first prizes, including one at last year's cart-horse show; but he did not then secure the champion cup. Second to him in his class on

the present occasion came Lord Ellesmere's Exchange, a handsome bay; while Mr. T. Shaw took the third prize for his fine bay Cromwell, by Thumper, the winner of many first prizes last summer, at the Royal Reading, the Royal Manchester and Liverpool at Preston, and the Yorkshire County at Halifax. Several fine horses in the second class of the entire male animals, under 16 hands 2 in. high; the first prize was taken by Mr. F. Street's Somersham Sampson, and the second by Mr. J. Forshaw's London Tom. The class of geldings was very good, numbering about twenty, of which five were selected by the judges, for the final competition; and between Mr.



P. J. SHERIDAN,
LATE AGENT OF THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.



COLONEL KING-HARMAN,
M.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN.



T. BRENNAN,
LATE SECRETARY OF THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

W. Wynn's dapple-grey, A 1, a powerful, strong-limbed, six-year-old one, and Mr. A. H. Clark's four-year-old bay Champion, whose form seemed remarkably full and perfect, there was a very close contest. The first prize, however, was awarded to the grey, and Mr. Clark had to be content with the second prize; Mr. G. J. Russell's Captain took the third. The mares were divided, like the male horses, according to height, and were of very fine quality. The first prize for the larger mares was gained by Mr. Garrett Taylor's beautiful grey mare Thursa, which last year won the champion prize. On this occasion, she was declared best mare of the two classes, entitling her owner to a ten-guinea cup; and she competed also for the championship of all the females, but this honour was adjudged to the Hon. E. Coke's filly Chance (by Lincoln) which gained the first prize in her own class (three-year-old) and the cup for the best filly. In the class of yearling fillies, the first prize was given to a pretty bay, named Cosy, belonging to Mr. Walter Gilbey, and bred from Cocoa by Champion of England. The gentlemen who officiated as judges were Messrs. H. Overman, Wensham, Brandon, Norfolk; J. W. Rowland, Fish Toft, Boston; and H. Smith, Cropwell Butler, Nottingham.

COLONEL KING-HARMAN, M.P.

The election last week for the County of Dublin resulted in favour of the Conservative candidate, Colonel Edward Robert King-Harman, of Rockingham, Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, and Newcastle, Ballymahon, in the county of Longford, eldest son of the late Hon. Laurence Harman King-Harman. He was born in 1838, and was educated at

Eton, subsequently entering the Army as an Ensign in the 60th Royal Rifles, and retiring therefrom with the rank of Lieutenant. He was for some time a Captain in the Longford Militia, and has been since 1878 Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of county Roscommon and Hon. Colonel of the Roscommon Militia, and is also a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the counties of Sligo, Longford, and Westmeath. Colonel King-Harman married, in 1861, Emma Frances, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Worsley, first Baronet. He is not quite new to Parliamentary life, having been returned for the county of Sligo in January, 1877, upon the decease of Sir Robert Gore-Booth, and sitting for that county until the last General Election, when he was defeated by Mr. Thomas Sexton. He is the seventy-sixth new member returned to Parliament since the last General Election, and his return has no effect on the balance of political parties.

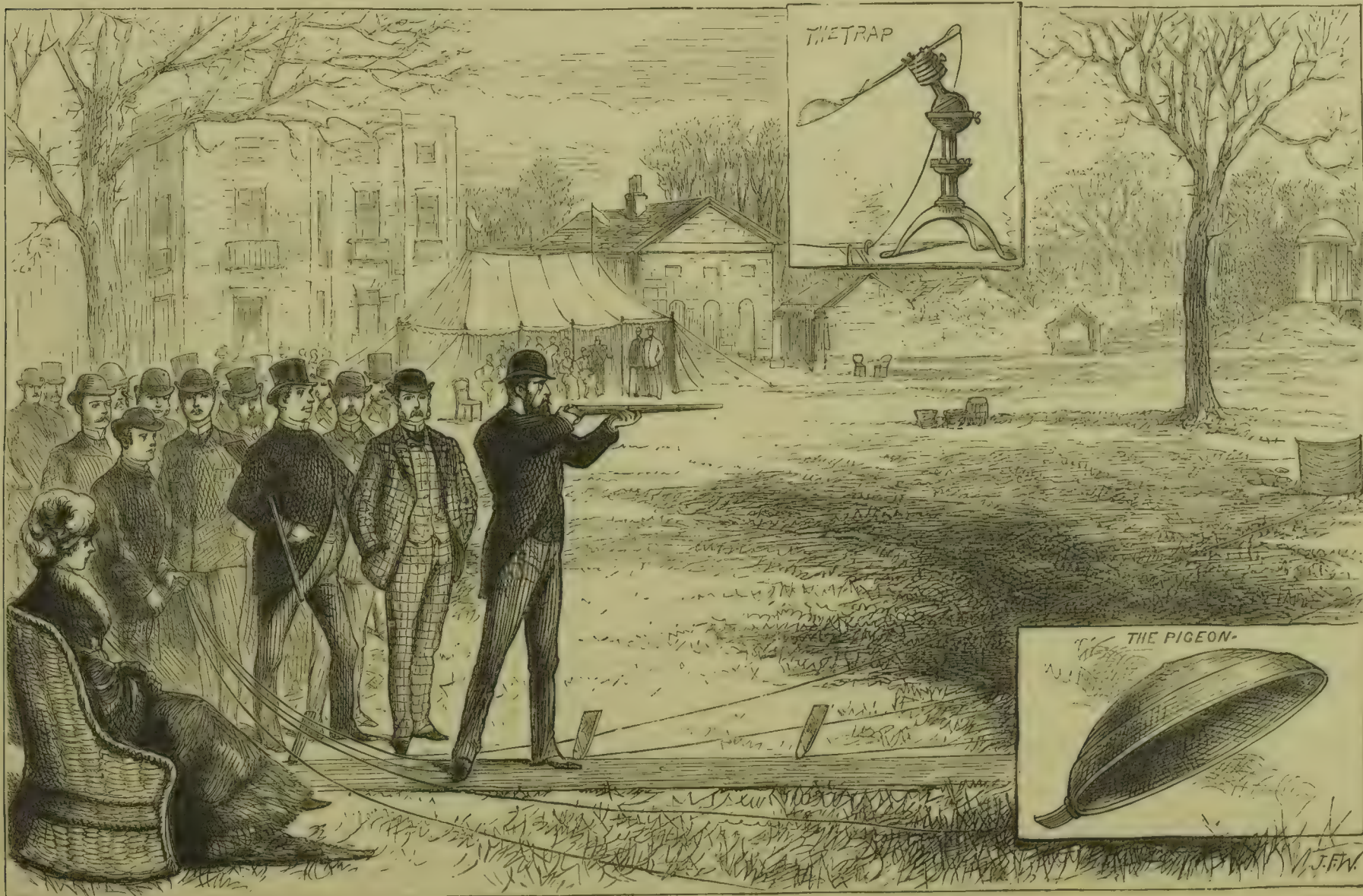
The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, of Sackville-street, Dublin.

BLOODLESS SPORT: THE TERRA-COTTA PIGEON.

At the present time, when Mr. George Anderson's bill—which, if passed, will put an end to shooting pigeons from traps—is exciting so much discussion, any attempt to provide a satisfactory substitute for the live bird must necessarily attract a good deal of attention. An interesting experiment was made at the Ranelagh Club on Saturday afternoon last, when several well-known shots tried their skill on the American Flying Clay Pigeon. The "bird" is simply a clay saucer, with a pasteboard tag glued on at one side. The trap consists of a

tripod screwed into a heavy wooden frame, and has a socket into which a short iron stem fits. On the top of this is a ball and socket joint, by which the apparatus can be adjusted at any angle desired. There is a coil of very strong spring wire, surmounted by an arm, at one end of which is a clip to hold the tag of the "pigeon," and at the other a ring to which a string is fastened. The coil of wire is compressed by turning a screw, and, when the string is pulled, the spring is released and the "bird" shoots off into space. The trap is hidden behind a screen, and is differently set by the trapper as often as he chooses, so that the marksman does not know in what direction the clay pigeon will fly. It goes off at a great pace, its flight much resembling that of a partridge, and must be hit hard to ensure its breakage. No boundary is required; and there can be no dispute as to whether it was broken by the shot or not, if the shooting takes place on grass, for the clay is quite strong enough to bear a fall without breaking, except in very hard ground. We have no wish to discuss here the question of the cruelty of pigeon-shooting, a sport that has never received any notice in these columns; but we may bring forward one very strong argument in favour of the new invention. The best blue rocks cannot be obtained at less than fifteen shillings per dozen; whilst the new invention, the credit of which is due to Mr. Ligowski, of Cincinnati, costs eighteenpence per dozen. It is immensely superior to the gyro pigeon, or any other substitute for the live bird, and is sure to meet with great favour from those who wish to become good game shots.

The Grocers' Company have made a second grant of fifty pounds to the funds of the Christian Evidence Society.



BLOODLESS SPORT: THE TERRA-COTTA PIGEON AT THE RANELAGH CLUB.

THE IRISH CONSPIRACIES.

The chief object of public attention during the past week, in connection with the recent disclosures of the atrocious plot to murder persons belonging to the high offices of Government in the Irish capital, has been the proceedings taken both in France and in the United States of America, for the apprehension of well-known members and agents of the Land League, who were named by James Carey, the informer, as having borne part in the more criminal conspiracy described in his evidence lately given at the Kilmainham Police Court. In publishing, at this time, the portraits of Mr. T. Brennan and Mr. P. J. Sheridan, we think it only fair to remark that Carey's evidence, so far as they are concerned, is of a very feeble description, and is not yet corroborated by any other testimony; he states, indeed, that Brennan was some years ago, before he became secretary to the Land League, one of the Dublin leaders of the "Fenian" or "Irish Republican Brotherhood;" but the murderous gang of the "Irish Invincibles" was not formed till near the end of 1881; and there is no proof, that we know of, that Brennan, if he was a sworn Fenian or rebel, belonged also to the last-mentioned association. With regard likewise to Sheridan, it should be observed that Carey had not been personally acquainted with him, and cannot, till he sees him again, be sure of his identity with the man disguised as a priest, calling himself Father Murphy, whom he met at the Angel and Midland Hotels upon the assassination business. It is therefore considered doubtful whether the extradition of Sheridan and Brennan will be conceded by the United States Government, unless the *prima facie* case against them can be sustained by more sufficient evidence than has yet been made public. Our Portrait of Sheridan is from a photograph by Mr. W. Lawrence, of Dublin; and that of Brennan is from one by Mr. Chancellor.

The arrest, in Paris, of Mr. Frank Byrne, Secretary of the "Land and Labour League"—a revival of the "Irish Land League" under a modified form—raises another question of foreign extradition between the French and British Governments. Byrne had left Cannes, where he stayed during the winter, and had been three weeks at Paris, lodging in the Rue St. Honoré. Another person, spoken of by the informer Carey as one of the prime movers of the assassination secret society, has been arrested at Havre—namely, John Walsh, of Middlesborough-on-Tees, but of late frequently sojourning at Rochdale; and it is said that the police have found in his possession documents proving that he and Byrne were connected with the plot. The unknown person who was darkly referred to as "No. 1" and who, according to Carey, arrived in Dublin to succeed Byrne and Walsh in the direction of the "Irish Invincibles," has not yet been identified.

A meeting was held on Monday at the Mansion House in support of Bishop Thornton's Fund for pastoral work among the poorer settlers in the diocese of Ballarat, Victoria. The Lord Mayor presided; and amongst the speakers were the Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Thornton, Bishop Alford, Alderman Sir W. McArthur, M.P., and Mr. J. D. Allcroft. Resolutions commending the effort to the citizens at large were passed.

A largely attended Conference on the training and education of pauper children was held on the 1st inst., at the rooms of the Society of Arts, Lord Aberdare presiding. Many towns and unions throughout the country were represented. Papers were read, or addresses given, on workhouse schools, training-ships, cottage and village homes, and kindred subjects, and the Conference was adjourned. The Conference was continued and concluded yesterday week. The system of boarding out poor children, instead of maintaining them in workhouses or industrial schools, was one of the principal subjects discussed, and it appeared to be regarded with general favour, the chairman highly approving of it.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

"By the Gate of the Sea," the new fiction in the *Cornhill*, is founded upon a truly dramatic idea, which it would be a pity to reveal. It remains to be seen whether there is sufficient basis for a long story. The style seems to betray the influence of Mr. George Meredith. "No New Thing" is very bright and clever this month. "Pictures for the People" describes the hardly expected success of an experimental art-exhibition in Whitechapel. The miscellaneous contributions include a scholarly and entertaining paper on the Arabian poet Al Hariri; and an amusing disquisition on boys, regarded as individuals "passing through a modified form of the savage state."

The contribution to *Macmillan* most likely to attract general attention is Mr. Shorthouse's essay on the Humorous in Literature. It is interesting to learn the literary preferences of the author of "John Inglesant," and pleasant to find him so keen in his enjoyment of Thackeray and Cervantes. The paper, however, is rather distinguished by a genial and catholic spirit than by striking originality. Mr. Benham's records of Addington, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, have a peculiar interest at the present time. "Under the Snow," by Mrs. Macquoid, is a good story. Professor Church resorts to Pliny's letters for proof of the highly centralised character of Roman administration under the Empire; Mr. Creighton's history of the Papacy is ably reviewed by Mr. Thomas Hodgkin; and Mr. A. J. Wilson contributes fresh proof of the exceedingly serious financial consequences of a disuse of alcoholic beverages.

Longman's Magazine, a good number altogether, contains two gems of writing, Mr. T. Hardy's "Three Strangers," unique in its combination of power with simplicity, and Mr. Jefferies' "Bits of Oak Bark," rural vignettes, executed with a vivid finish that can only be termed magical. There are also the continuation of Mr. Payn's sprightly fiction; a paper of valuable sanitary suggestions from Dr. Richardson; a disquisition on Japanese art, by Sir George Cox; a good poem, by Miss Ingelow; and a pretty snatch of verse, by Mr. Gosse.

Blackwood has a fine article on Jonathan Swift, taking a merciful view of the great Dean's faults and a genial one of his fine qualities. A very rose-coloured view is taken in another paper, not only of the actual prosperity of the Dominion of Canada, but of its prospects of becoming a great empire. The feeling in favour of annexation to the United States is pronounced to be extinct, and the important remark is made that the protective policy of the Dominion is a necessary precaution against absorption into the Union. In another paper, Rossetti and Alma Tadema are ably contrasted as representatives of idealism and realism in painting; and there is a spirited ballad, "Terry Wigan."

The *Fortnightly Review* commences with an article of great interest to English readers, in view of the proposed reform of the City Corporation. M. Gigot, formerly the Prefect of Police at Paris, points out the anomaly of a system by which the Paris municipality votes the entire cost of the police, without being allowed any control over the force, and boldly contends that, such control meaning simply the restoration of the Commune, the right to vote the funds must also be taken away. Mr. Labouchere's prophecies respecting the results of the extension of the franchise to rural voters will probably lead moderate Liberals to reconsider their incautious assent to the proposal. "Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird." In a thoughtful essay, Mr. Talbot, the Warden of Keble College, vindicates the consistency of Dr. Pusey's position in the Church of England. Sir Bartle Frere's paper on the abolition of slavery in India and Egypt, and Mr. Waring's on railways in Brazil, are full of interest; but perhaps no article in the number will be so generally read as that by Messrs. Gurney and Myers on apparitions at the moment of death and mysterious impressions of events occurring at a

distance. It is full of striking stories, authenticated for the most part, as tales of this description always should be but seldom are, by the names and addresses of the narrators.

Mr. Tennyson's Catullian lines in the *Nineteenth Century* are hardly worth printing, and, with the exception of Mr. Theodore Watts's "Truth about Rossetti," the contents of the number are dry. Mr. Watts's intimate knowledge of Rossetti enables him to rectify numerous mistaken impressions, and to present, in the main, a clear picture of the man who, if not the greatest genius among his contemporaries, was endowed above them all with the distinctive temperament of genius. The Rev. R. W. Dale replies effectively to Cardinal Manning on the endowment of denominational schools; and Mr. Lyulph Stanley gives a satisfactory account of the management of popular schools in Paris. The remaining contributions include a defence of the eighteenth century, by Mr. Frederic Harrison; a discussion by Mr. Leslie Stephen of the right of Governments to suppress opinions which they esteem pernicious; and a paper by Sir Lintorn Simmons, on the numerical weakness and low moral standard of the Army, which he proposes to combat by augmenting the inducements to enlist.

The *Contemporary Review* has several important contributions, including Sir R. Cross's manifesto on county government in anticipation of the Government bill, Mr. Frederic Harrison's funeral oration on Gambetta, and Sir Richard Temple's views on local self-government in India. It is satisfactory to find a statesman of Sir Richard's Indian experience approving of Lord Ripon's "new departure." There is a pleasant memoir of Miss Burney, by Miss Christie; and an equally pleasant sketch of Siena, by Mr. S. J. Capper.

The *Atlantic Monthly* completes Longfellow's "Michael Angelo," a set of loosely-strung dramatic scenes, but full of weighty and well turned sentences, mostly paraphrased from Vasari. An essay on Hawthorne's manuscripts seems to allow the genuineness of "Dr. Grimshawe," while regarding it as merely a study for "The Dolliver Romance." Mr. Henry James criticises Salvini's acting in a very appreciative spirit. *Harper's Magazine* has a highly seasonable article on Richard Wagner, with illustrations interpreting "Parsifal"; and beautifully illustrated papers on Holland, the pioneers of French discovery in North America, and the scenery of Arizona. The most remarkable paper in the *Century* is a memoir of Gambetta, apparently from the pen of one well acquainted with his life.

Art and Letters for March contains an article on "The Sculpture of Michael Angelo," with some interesting facsimiles of original drawings; also illustrated articles on "Pottery and Porcelain," "Sandro Botticelli," and "Notes on the South Kensington Museum." There are also the continuation of the story of "La Fortunata" by Mrs. Cornyns Carr, and notices of art-books. The *Magazine of Art* for this month has several interesting articles, and the engravings are quite equal to previous numbers. Both the above magazines, considering the high character of their literature and art, are marvels of cheapness.

Besides Miss Broughton's and Mrs. Linton's fictions, *Temple Bar* has eminently readable papers on the biography of Mr. Sims Reeves; on the hardships undergone by Baron Reinagle, then a young artist, in the Dutch campaign of 1791-5; and on the French writer, Charles Monselet. The *Gentleman's Magazine* continues Mr. Buchanan's fiction, and has interesting papers of popular science on sun-spots and monkeys. When, however, Dr. Wilson says that monkeys have never been favourites with the poets, he forgets or ignores the Ramayana, the great monkey epic of India. *Belgravia* and *Tinsley* are almost entirely devoted to fiction. *London Society* has an excellent article on the Alma Tadema Exhibition, and a specimen of the Polish novelist Kraszewski. The *Theatre* has a sketch of Mr. Bancroft, with memoir, and an account of the original Joe Miller.

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"She was greatly delighted when he came ashore."

YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. AMONG THE CLOUDS.



bare mountain-top, the haunt of the ptarmigan, the red deer, and the eagle; and the only sound to be heard in these voiceless altitudes is the monotonous murmur of the various burns—the White Winding Water, the Dun Water, the Stream of the Red Lochan, the Stream of the Fairies, the Stream of the Corrie of the Horses, as they are called in the Gaelic.

At the door of this solitary little lodge, on a morning towards the end of July, Yolande Winterbourne was standing, engaged in buttoning on her driving gloves, but occasionally glancing out at the bewildering, changeable, flashing, and gleaming day around her. For, indeed, since she had come to live at Allt-nam-ba she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky; and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of caldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment, for example, a continual phantasmagoria of cloud-effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain-tops

grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the grey mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they reappeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes and on the boulders of wet and glittering granite. But she had this one consolation—that the prospect in front of the lodge was much more reassuring than that behind. Behind—over the mountainous ranges of the moor—the clouds were banking up in a heavy and thunderous purple; and in the ominous silence the streams coming down from the corries sounded loud; whereas, away before her, the valley that led down to the haunts of men was for the most part flooded with brilliant sunlight, and the wind-swept loch was of the darkest and keenest blue. Altogether there was more life and motion here—more colour and brilliancy and change—than in the pale and placid Egyptian landscape she had grown accustomed to; but there was also—she might have been pardoned for thinking—for one who was about to drive fourteen miles in a dog-cart, a little more anxiety; and she had already resolved to take her water-proof with her.

However, she was not much dismayed. She had lived in this weather-brewing caldron of a place for some little time; and had grown familiar with its threatening glooms, which generally came to nothing; and with its sudden and dazzling glories, which laughed out a welcome to the lonely traveller in the most surprising fashion. When the dog-cart—a four-wheeled vehicle—was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, and took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstry. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that brisk fires were kept burning in all the rooms; for, although it was still July, the air of these alpine solitudes was sometimes somewhat keen. And then—the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the break; and presently they were making their way, slowly and cautiously at first, down the stony path, and over the loud-sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the Allt-cam-bàn.

But when once they were over the bridge and into the road leading down the wide strath, they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and serviceable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand how the young English lady, who was generally very cautious, should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder-masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream; and the steep and sterile hillsides were shining now; and the loch far ahead of them had its wind-rippled surface of a blue like the heart of a sapphire. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed

busy with other things. Indeed, there was scarcely any sign of life around to attract her attention. The sheep on the vast slopes, where there was but a scanty pasturage among the blocks of granite, were as small grey specks; an eagle, slowly circling on motionless wing over the furthest mountain-range, looked no bigger than a hawk; some young falcons, whose cry sounded just overhead among the crags, were invisible. But perhaps she did not heed these things much? She seemed preoccupied; and yet happy and light-hearted.

When, in due course of time, they reached the end of the valley and got on to the road that wound along the wooded shores of the loch, there was much easier going; and Sandy dismissed his fears. It was a pretty loch, this stretch of wind-stirred blue water, for the hills surrounding it were somewhat less sterile than those at Allt-nam-ba; here and there the banks were fringed with hazel; and at the lower end of it, where the river flowing from it wound through a picturesque ravine, were the dark green plantations surrounding Lynn Towers. They had driven for about a mile and a half or so by the shores of the lake, when Yolande fancied she heard some clanking noise proceeding from the other side; and thereupon she instantly asked Sandy what that could be, for any sound save the bleating of sheep or the croak of a raven was an unusual thing here. The young Highland lad strained his eyes in the direction of the distant hillside; and at last he said,

"Oh, yes, I see them now. They will be the men taking up more fencing to the forest. Duncan was speaking about that, Madam."

(For he was a polite youth, as far as his English went.)

"I can't see anything, Sandy," said the young lady.

"If Miss Winterbourne would be looking about half way up the hill—they are by the side of the grey corrie now."

Then he added, after a second:

"I am thinking that will be the Master at the top."

"Do you mean the Master of Lynn?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, Madam."

"Well, your eyes are sharper than mine, Sandy. I can see that black speck on the sky-line; but that is all."

"He is waving a handkerchief now," said Sandy, with much coolness.

"Oh, that is impossible. How could he make us out at this distance?"

"The Master will know there is no other carriage than this one coming from Allt-nam-ba."

"Very well, then," said she, taking out her handkerchief and giving it a little shake or two in the sunlight. "I will take the chance; but you know, Sandy, it is more likely to be one of the keepers waving his hand to you."

"Oh, no, Madam; it is the Master himself—I am sure of it. He was up at the bothy yesterday evening, to see Duncan about the gillies; and he was saying something about the new fence above the loch."

"Was Mr. Leslie at Allt-nam-ba last night?" said she, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, Madam."

"And he left no message for me?"

"I think there was not any message. But he was asking when Miss Winterbourne's father was coming; and I told him that I was to drive Miss Winterbourne into Foyers this morning."

"Oh, that is all right," she said, with much content.

By this time they had reached the lower end of the lake; and when they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of a hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. Then on again; and in time they beheld stretching out before them a wide and variegated plain, looking rich and fertile and cultivated after the mountainous solitudes they had left behind; while all around them were hanging woods, with open slopes of pasture, and rills running down to the river in the valley beneath. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. The breaks of blue in the sky grew broader; the silver-gleaming clouds went slowly by to the east; and the air, which was much warmer down here, was perfumed with the delicate resinous odour of the sweet-gale. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm-house appeared—with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland. And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number—though much scattered among the fields—to be called a village; and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses, columbine, nasturtiums, and other cottage favourites.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-grey hair, and pleasant, shrewd grey eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed, in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume; but her face was refined and intelligent; and there was a sort of motherliness, as well as very obvious kindness, in the look with which she regarded the young English lady.

"Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. "But this time—no—I am not going to scold you; I can only thank you; for my papa is coming to-day; and oh, you should see how pretty the rooms are with the flowers you sent me. But not again, now—not any more destroying the garden!"

"Dear me, and is your papa coming the day?" said the elderly woman, in a slow, persuasive, gentle, south-country sort of fashion.

"I am going now to meet him at the steamer," said Yolande, quickly. "That is why!"

"Well now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest young ducklings that ever I set eyes on!"

"No, no; no, no, no!" Yolande cried, laughing; "I cannot have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compliments!"

"Dinna ye think I know perfectly well," said the other, in a tone of half-indignant remonstrance, "what it is for a young leddy to be trying housekeeping in a place like yon? So there's not to be another word about it; ye'll jist stop for a minute as ye're going back, and take the ducklings wi' ye; ay, and I've got a nice bunch or two o' fresh-cut lettuce for ye, and a few carrots and turnips—I declare it's a shame to see the things wasting in the gairden, for we canna use the half of them!"

"Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville."

"Ye canna do that," was the prompt reply.

"Why?" said the girl, with something of a stare; for she had not been in the habit of having her requests refused up in this part of the world.

"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house. "Do ye think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do ye think I want him to send me about my business?"

"There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell; I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you; but not the ducklings!"

"Ye'll jist take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young leddy," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word about it."

So on she drove again, on this bright and beautiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And as she had hurried mainly to give the cob a long mid-day rest—the steamer not being due till the afternoon—she now found herself with some hours' leisure at her disposal, which she spent in idly wandering through the umbrageous woods, startling many a half-tame pheasant, but never coming on the real object of her quest, a roe-deer. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle-wheels in the intense silence; and just about as quick as any roe-deer she made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of the little pier.

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was not a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognisable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited too; and she herself would have carried gun-cases, fishing-baskets, and what not, to the dog-cart, had not the boots from the hotel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and assurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driving.

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstry!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for Allt-nam-ba.

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"And the Master, how is he?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, panniers, everything quite arranged. And he left the rifle at the bothy; and I have the cartridges all right from Inverness—oh, yes, you will find everything prepared; and there is no want of provision, for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare, and they are sending me a sheep from the farm!"

"A sheep!"

"Duncan said it was the best way, to have a sheep killed. And we have new-laid eggs, and fresh milk every day. And

everyone is so kind and attentive, papa, that whatever turns out wrong that will be my fault in not arranging properly!"

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humouredly. "I want to hear about yourself, Yolande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them?"

This question checked her volubility, and for a second a very odd expression came over her face.

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very pious, I think."

"But I suppose you are as pious as they can be?" her father said. "That is no objection."

She was silent.

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird, who has no land!"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa—a magician! I cannot describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him—yes—for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it—climbing away up the hills—and there was the water-wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genie for him; he makes it light the lamps in the house, in the school-room, and it makes electrotype copies for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me; but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for someone to set the clock going; the next morning—it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing-room; Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus: when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in. Then the filter in the water-tank up the hill!"

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-of-all-trades doing here? Why, you yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window-panes!"

She laughed.

"I think he works very hard; he says he is very lazy. He is very fond of fishing; he is not well off; and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighbourhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living here have a great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all," Yolande added, hastily. "That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he makes experiments and discoveries: is it not enough of an occupation when everyone is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school-time, he is away up in the hills, after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes up in the hills, Mr. Leslie has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing: oh, I am sure I have been sorry sometimes—many times—when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the labour!"

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at Allt-nam-ba?" her father exclaimed. "That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He had permission last year," said she.

"Why not this?"

"He thought it would be more correct to wait for you to give permission."

"Well, now, Yolande," said he, peevishly, "how could you be so stupid! Here is a fellow who shows you all sorts of kindnesses, and you haven't enough common-sense to offer him a day's fishing in the loch!"

"It was not my affair," she said, cheerfully. "That was for you to arrange."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly—for indeed his discontent with Yolande rarely lasted for more than the about the fifteenth part of a second. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner."

"Oh, yes, papa; I shall be glad to do that," she said, blithely.

"If the house is anywhere near the road, we can pick him up as we go along. Then I suppose you could send a message to the Master; he is not likely to have an engagement."

"But you don't mean for to-night!" she said, in amazement.

"I do, indeed. Why not?"

"What! The first night that we have to ourselves together, to think of inviting strangers?"

"Strangers?" he repeated. "That is an odd phrase to be used by a young lady who wears an engaged ring."

"But I am not married yet, papa," said she, flushing slightly. "I am only engaged. When I am a wife, it may be different; but at present I am your daughter."

"And you would rather that we had this first evening all by ourselves?"

"It is not a wish, papa," said she, coolly. "It is a downright certainty. There is only dinner for two; and there will be only dinner for two; and these two are you and I. Do you forget that I am mistress of the house?"

Well, he seemed nothing loth; the prospect did not at all overcloud his face—as they drove away through this smiling and cheerful and picturesque country, with the severer altitudes beyond gradually coming into view.

That same night, Yolande and her father set out for an arm-in-arm stroll away down the broad silent valley. It was late; but still there was a bewilderment of light all around them; for in the north-western heavens the wan twilight still lingered; while behind them, in the south-east, the moon had arisen, and now projected their shadows before them as they walked. Yolande was talkative and joyous—the silence and the loneliness of the place did not seem to oppress her; and he was always a contented listener. They walked away along the strath, under the vast solitudes of the hills, and by the side of this winding and murmuring stream; and in time they reached the loch. For a wonder, it was perfectly still. The surface was like glass; and those portions that were in shadow were black as jet. But these were not many, for the moonlight was shining adown this wide space, touching softly the overhanging crags and the woods, and showing them—as they got on still further—above the loch and the bridge and the river, and standing silent amid the silent plantations, the pale white walls of Lynn.

"And so you think, Yolande," said he, "that you will be quite happy in living in this solitary place?"

"If you were always to be away—oh, no; but with you coming to see me sometimes, as now, oh, yes, yes—why not?" said she, cheerfully.

"You wouldn't mind being cut off from the rest of the world?" he said.

"I?" she said. "What is it to me? I know so few people elsewhere."

"It would be a peaceful life, Yolande," said he, thoughtfully. "Would it not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, brightly. "And then, papa, you would take Allt-nam-ba for the whole year, every year, and not merely have a few weeks' shooting in the autumn. Why should it not be a pleasant place to live in? Could anything be more beautiful than to-night—and the solitude? And one or two of the people are so kind. But this I must tell you, papa, that the one who has been kindest to me here is not Lord Lynn, nor his sister, Mrs. Colquhoun, nor any one of them, but Mrs. Bell; and the first chance, when she is sure not to meet Mr. Melville, or Mr. Leslie—for she is very particular about that, and pretends only to be a housekeeper—I am going to bring her up to Allt-nam-ba; and you will see how charming she is, and how good and wise and gentle, and how proud she is of Mr. Melville. As for him, he laughs at her. He laughs at everyone. He has no respect for anyone more than another; he talks to Lord Lynn as he talks to Duncan—perhaps with more kindness to Duncan. Rich or poor, it is no difference—no, he does not seem to understand that there is a difference. And all the people, the shepherds, the gillies, and Mrs. Macdougall at the farm—everyone thinks there is no one like him. Perhaps I have learnt a little from him, even in so short a time?—it may be. I do not care that Mrs. Bell has been a cook; that is nothing to me; I see that she is a good woman, and clever, and kind; and I will be her friend if she pleases; and I know that he gives her more honour than to anyone else, though he does not say much. No, he is too sarcastic; and not very courteous. Sometimes he is almost rude; but he is a little more considerate with old people!"

"Look here, Yolande," her father said, with a laugh, "all this afternoon, and all this evening, and all down this valley, you have done nothing but talk about this wonderful Mr. Melville—although you say you have scarcely ever seen him!"

"No, no, no, papa! I said, when he had done any kindness to me, he had kept out of the way, and I had no chance to thank him."

"Very well, all your talking has produced nothing but a jumble. I want to see this laird without land, this Balliol clockmaker, this fisherman schoolmaster, this idol who is worshipped by the natives. Let me see what he is like, first of all. Ask him to dinner—and the Master, too. We have few neighbours, and we must make the most of them. So now let us get back home again, child; though it is almost a shame to go indoors on such a night. And you don't really think you would regret being shut off from the world, Yolande, in this solitude?"

She was looking along the still loch, and the wooded shores, and the moonlit crags that were mirrored in the glassy water; and her eyes were happy enough.

"Is it not like fairy-land, papa? How could one regret living in such a beautiful place? Besides," she added, cheerfully, "have I not promised?" And therewith she held out her ungloved hand for a second; and he understood what she meant; for he saw the three diamonds on her engagement-ring clear in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XX.

"MELVILLE'S WELCOME HOME."

Amid all the hurry and bustle of preparing for the Twelfth, Yolande and her affairs seemed half forgotten; and she, for one, was glad to forget them; for she rejoiced in the activity of the moment; and was proud to see that the wheels of the little household worked very smoothly. And long ago she had mastered all the details about the luncheon to be sent up the hill, and the dinner for the gillies, and what not; she had got her instructions from Mrs. Graham at Inverstry.

In the midst of all this, however, the Master of Lynn wrote the following note to his sister:—

"Lynn Towers, August 8.

"Dear Polly,—I wish to goodness you would come over here for a couple of days, and put matters straight. I am helpless. I go for a little quiet to Allt-nam-ba. I would ask Jack Melville to interfere; but he is so blunt-tongued he would most likely make the row worse. Of course it's all Tabby; if ever I succeed to Lynn won't I make the old cat skip out of that. I expected my father to be cross, when I suggested something about Yolande; but I thought he would see the reasonableness, &c. But Tabby heard of it; and then it was all 'alliance with demagogues,' 'disgrace of an ancient family,' 'the Leslies selling their honour for money,' and other rubbish. I don't mind. It doesn't hurt me. I have not knocked about with Jack Melville for nothing; I can distinguish between missiles that are made of air and pass by you, and missiles that are made of granite or wood, and can cut your head open. But the immediate thing is this: they won't call on the Winterbournes; and this is not only a gross discourtesy, but very impolitic. I should not at all wonder, if Mr. Winterbourne has a good season this year, if he were to take a lease of Allt-nam-ba; and Duncan is reckoning on 1200 brace. As a good tenant, my father ought to call on Mr. Winterbourne, if for nothing else. And, of course, matters cannot remain as they are. There must be an explanation. What I am dreadfully afraid of is that Yolande may meet Tabby some day, and that Tabby may say something. At present they have only met driving—I mean since you left—so that was only a case of bowing. To hear Tabby talk would make you laugh; but it makes me rather wild, I confess; and though my father says less, or nothing at all, I can see that what she says is making him more and more determined. So do come along, and bring some common-sense into the atmosphere of the house. What on earth has politics got to do with Yolande? Come and fight it out with Tabby."

"A. LESLIE."

This was the answer, that arrived on the evening of the next day:

"Inverstry, August 9.

"Dear Archie,—You must have gone mad. We have five visitors in the house already, and by the day after tomorrow we shall be full to the hall-door. It is quite absurd; Jim has not asked a single bachelor this year; and every man who is coming is bringing his wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing—really I can't understand why women should be such fools: not a single invitation refused! But there is one thing—they will get a good dose of grouse-talk before they go south; and if they are not heartily sick of hearing about stags it will be a wonder. So you see, my dear Master, you must worry out of that muddle in your own way; and I have no doubt you got into it through temper, and being uncivil to Aunt Colquhoun. It is impossible for me to leave Inverstry at present. But, whatever you do, don't get spiteful and go and run away with Shena Ván."

"Your affectionate sister,

"POLLY."

Well, it was not until the eve of the Twelfth that Yolande gave her first dinner-party; the delay having chiefly been

occasioned by their having to wait for some wine from Inverness. This was a great concession on the part of her father; but when he discovered that she was desperately afraid that her two guests, the Master of Lynn and Mr. Melville, would imagine that the absence of wine from the table was due to her negligence and stupidity as a housekeeper, he yielded at once. Nay, in case they might throw any blame on her of any kind, her father himself wrote to a firm in Inverness, laying strict injunctions on them as to brands and so forth. All of which trouble was quite thrown away, as it turned out, for both the young men seemed quite indifferent about drinking anything; but the wine was there, and Yolande could not be blamed: that was his chief and only consideration.

Just before dinner, Mr. Winterbourne, Yolande, and the Master were standing outside the lodge, looking down the wide glen, which was now flooded with sunset light. Young Leslie's eyes were the eyes of a deerstalker; the slightest movement anywhere instantly attracted them; and when two sheep—little dots they were, at the far edge of the hill just above the lodge—suddenly ceased grazing and lifted their heads, he knew there must be someone there. The next moment a figure appeared on the sky-line.

"I suppose that is Jack Melville," he said, peevishly. "I wish he wouldn't come across the forest when he is up at his electric boxes."

"But does he do harm?" said Yolande. "He cannot shoot deer with copper wires."

"Oh, he's all over the place," said the Master of Lynn. "And there isn't a keeper or a watcher who will remonstrate with him; and of course I can't. He's always after his botany, or his fishing, or something. The best thing about it is that he is a capital hand to have with you if there are any stray deer about, and you want to have a shot without disturbing the herd. He knows their ways most wonderfully, and can tell you the track they are certain to take."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks was coming down the hillside at a swinging pace; and very soon he had crossed the little bridge, and was coming up the path—heralding his arrival with a frank and careless greeting to his friends. He was a rather tall, lean, large-boned and powerful-looking man of about eight-and-twenty; somewhat pale in face, seeing that he lived so much out-of-doors; his hair a raven black; his eyes grey, penetrating, and steadfast; his mouth firm, and yet mobile and expressive at times; his forehead square rather than lofty; his voice, a chest-voice, was heard in pleasant and well-modulated English; he had not acquired any trace of the high falsetto that prevails (or prevailed a few years ago?) among the young men at Oxford. As for his manner, that was characterised chiefly by a curious simplicity and straightforwardness. He seemed to have no time to be self-conscious. When he spoke to anyone, it was without thought or heed of any bystander. With that one person he had to do. Him or her he seized, with look and voice; and even after the most formal introduction he would speak to you in the most simple and direct way, as if life were not long enough to be wasted in conventionalities; as if truth were the main thing; as if all human beings were perfectly alike; and as if there was no reason in the world why this new stranger should not be put on the footing of a friend. If he had an affectation, it was to represent himself as a lazy and indolent person, who believed in nothing, and laughed at everything, whereas he was extremely industrious and indefatigable; while there were certainly two or three things that he believed in—more, perhaps, than he would confess.

"Here, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "is the little vasculum I spoke to you about; it has seen some service, but it may do well enough. And here is Bentley's *Manual*; and a *Flora*. The *Flora* is an old one; I brought an old one purposely, for at the beginning there is a synopsis of the Linnæan system of classification, and you will find that the easiest way of making out the name of a new plant. Of course," he added, when he had put the vasculum and the books on the window-sill and come back, "when you get further on; when you begin to see how all these plants have grown to be what they are; when you come to study the likenesses and relationships—and unless you mean to go so far you are only wasting time to begin—you will follow Jussieu and De Candolle; but in the meantime you will find the Linnæan system a very dodgy instrument when you are in a difficulty. Then, another thing—mind, I am assuming that you mean business—if you want to trifle, and pick pretty poses, I shut my door on you—but, I say, if you mean business, I have told Mrs. Bell you are to have access to my herbarium, whether I am there or not."

But here Yolande began to laugh. "Oh, yes, that is so probable!" said she. "Mrs. Bell allowing me to go into your study!"

"Mrs. Bell and I understand each other very well, I assure you," he said, gravely. "We are only two augurs, who wink at each other; or rather we shut our eyes to each other's humbug."

"Why, Jack, she means to buy back Monaglen for you!" the Master of Lynn exclaimed.

"I know she has some romantic scheme of that sort in her head," he said, frankly. "It is quite absurd. What should I do with Monaglen? However, in the meantime I have made pretty free use of the old lady's money at Gress; and she is highly pleased, for she was fond of my father's family, and she likes to hear me spoken well of, and you can so easily purchase gratitude—especially with somebody else's money. You see, it works well all round. Mrs. Bell, who is an honest, shrewd, good, kindly woman, sees that her charity is administered with some care; the people around—but especially the children—are benefited; I have leisure for any little experiments and my idle rambles; and if Mrs. Bell and I hoodwink each other, it is done very openly, and there is no great harm."

"She was very indignant," said young Leslie, laughing, "when you wouldn't have your name put on the tablet in the school-house."

"What tablet?" said Yolande. "Oh, a tablet saying that Mr. Melville had built the school and presented it to the people of Gress."

"And I never contributed a farthing!" he said. "She did the whole thing. Well, now, that shows how artificial the position is; and, necessarily, it won't last. We have for so long been hypocrites for the public good—let us say it was for the public good; but there must come an end."

"Why, Jack, if you leave Gress you'll fairly break the old dame's heart. And as for the neighbourhood—it will be like the going away of Aikendrum."

"Who was that?" said Yolande.

"I am sure I don't know. Mrs. Bell will sing the song for you, if you ask her; she knows all those old things. I don't know who the gentleman was; but they made a rare fuss about his going away."

"'Bout him the carles were gabbin'!

The brow laddies sabbin',

And a' the lasses greetin'!

For that Aikendrum's awa'!"

"The dinner is ready, madam," said a soft-voiced and

pretty Highland maid-servant, appearing at the door; and Yolande's heart sank within her. She summoned up her courage, nevertheless; she walked into the room sedately, and took her place at the head of the table with much graciousness, though she was in reality very nervous and terribly anxious about the result of this wild experiment. Well, she need not have been anxious. The dinner was excellently cooked, and very fairly served. And if those two younger men seemed quite indifferent as to what they ate and drank, and much more interested in a discussion about certain educational matters, at least Mr. Winterbourne noted and approved; and greatly comforted was she from time to time to hear him say: "Yolande, this is capital hare soup; why can't we get hare soup cooked in this way in the south?" or "Yolande, these are most delicious trout. Mr. Melville's catching, I suppose? It seems to me you've stumbled on an uncommonly good cook"; or "What? Another robbery of Mrs. Bell's poultry-yard? Well, they're fine birds—noble, noble. We must send her some grouse to-morrow, Yolande."

And then outside there was a sudden and portentous growl of bass drones; and then the breaking away into the shrill clear music of a quickstep; and through the blue window-panes they could see in the dusk the tall, tightly-built figure of young Duncan, the pipes over his shoulder, marching erect and proud up and down the gravel-path. That was the proper way to hear the pipes—away up there in the silence of the hills, amid the gathering gloom of the night; and now they would grow louder and shriller as he drew near, and now they would grow fainter and fainter as he passed by, while all around them, whether the music was faint or shrill, was the continuous hushed murmur of the mountain streams.

"I told Duncan," said Yolande to the Master, "that it was a shame he should keep all his playing for the shepherds in the bothy. And he told me that he very well knew the *Hills of Lynn*."

Young Leslie regarded her with an odd kind of smile.

"You don't think that is the *Hills of Lynn*, do you, Yolande?"

"Is it not? I have heard very few."

"No; I am not first favourite to-night. It isn't the *Hills of Lynn*. That is *Melville's Welcome Home*."

Yolande looked surprised, but not in any way guilty.

"I assure you, Miss Winterbourne," said Jack Melville, pleasantly enough, "that I don't feel at all hurt or insulted. I know Duncan means no sarcasm. He is quite well aware that we haven't had a home to welcome us this many a day; but he is not playing the quickstep out of irony. He and I are too old friends for that."

"Oh, I am sure he does not mean anything like that," said Yolande. "It is a great compliment he means, is it not?"

Then coffee came; and cigars and pipes were produced; and as Yolande had no dread of tobacco-smoke, they all remained together, drawing in their chairs to the brisk fire of wood and peat, and forming a very friendly, snug, and comfortable little circle. Nor was their desultory chatting about educational projects solely; nor, on the other hand, was it confined to grouse and the chances of the weather; it rambled over many and diverse subjects, while always, from time to time, could be heard in the distance (for Duncan had retired to regale his friends in the bothy) the faint echoes of *The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar*, or *Mackenzie's Farewell to Sutherland*, or *The Barren Rocks of Aden*, with occasionally the sad, slow wail of a Lament—*Lord Lovat's*, or *Mackintosh's*, or *Mac Crimmon's*. And as Mr. Melville proved to be a very ready talker (as he lay back there in an easy-chair, with the warm rays of the fire lighting up his fine, intellectual features and clear and penetrating grey eyes) Mr. Winterbourne had an abundant opportunity of studying this new friend; and so far from observing in him any of the browbeating and brusqueness he had heard of, on the contrary, he discovered the most ample tolerance, and, more than that, a sort of large-hearted humanity, a sympathy, a sincerity and directness of speech, that began to explain to him why Mr. Melville of Gress was such a favourite with those people about there. He seemed to assume that the person he was talking to was his friend; and that it was useless to waste time in formalities of conversation. His manner towards Yolande (her father thought) was characterised by just a little too much of indifference; but then he was a schoolmaster, and not in the habit of attaching importance to the opinions of young people.

It was really a most enjoyable, confidential, pleasant evening; but it had to come to an end; and when the two young men left, both Yolande and her father accompanied them to the door. The moon was risen now; and the long wide glen looked beautiful enough.

"Well, now, Mr. Melville," said Mr. Winterbourne as they were going away, "whenever you have an idle evening, I hope you will remember us and take pity on us."

"You may see too much of me," said Yolande, quickly; and then she added very prettily: "You know, Mr. Melville, if you come often enough you will find it quite natural that Duncan should play for you *Melville's Welcome Home*."

He stood for a moment uncertain; it was the first sign of embarrassment he had shown that night.

"Well," said he, "that is the most friendly thing that has been said to me for many a day. Who could resist such an invitation? Good-night—good-night!"

(To be continued.)

A silver tea and coffee service and a salver were presented yesterday week to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold by a few of his political and literary friends, in recognition of twenty-five years of literary and journalistic services.

Mr. Samuel Brandram gave another of his excellent Shakespearean Readings on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms, the play selected being "Much Ado About Nothing"; and next Tuesday afternoon he will give, at the same place, "The Merchant of Venice," the last recital of the series.

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SKETCHES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

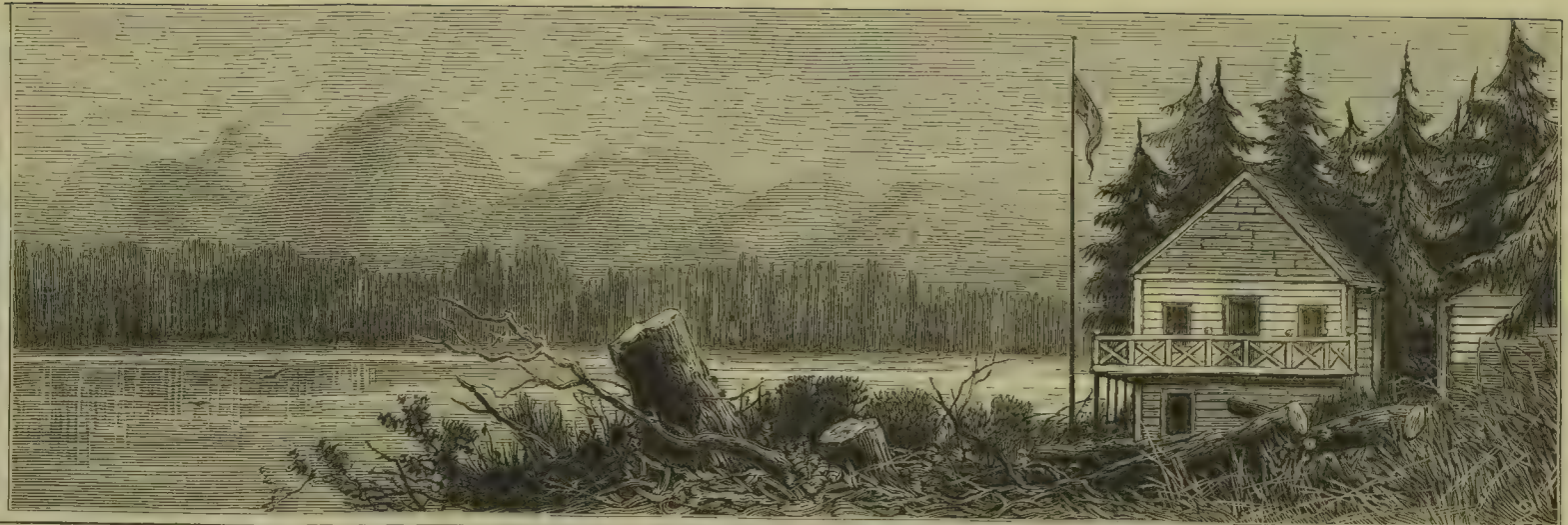
We publish a few more Sketches by Captain Josceline F. Bagot, of the Grenadier Guards, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General of Canada, illustrating the visit of his Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, to the remote western Province of British Columbia. That extensive country, a land of mountains and forests, with large rivers, the lower reaches of which are navigable, and with deep inlets forming secure and spacious maritime harbours, is in great part still awaiting the commencement of agricultural colonisation and of mining enterprise. It is probably destined, at a future period, to rival Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Lower Canada, in the development of its great natural resources, and more especially of the "lumber" or timber trade, while its abundant salmon fisheries have already become a source of profit. Its future progress, however, will depend in some measure upon the eventual completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This line will, after crossing the Rocky Mountains from the great plains of the Saskatchewan and Bow River, which were described and illustrated by the Marquis of Lorne in his notes and sketches published on a former occasion in this Journal, enter British Columbia, descending the valley of the South Thompson to the Fraser, and proceed from Yale, westward to its terminus, Port Moody, Burrard's Inlet. The entire distance by this line from Ottawa, the capital of the Canadian Dominion, to the Pacific Ocean terminus, at Port Moody, which is situated, however, not on the open coast of that ocean, but on the strait dividing Vancouver Island from the North American mainland, will be about 2700 miles. On the Fraser River, which reaches the sea considerably farther south, Yale is the head of the steam-boat navigation, and the rapids in this part make it rather difficult of access. The principal town of British Columbia is much lower down the same river, and only fifteen miles from its mouth. This place, with about seven thousand inhabitants, bears the august name of New Westminster, and may possibly even yet become as famous as the city of Quebec, on the opposite side of the Continent. From New Westminster to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, which was the subject of two Illustrations that we published last week, [the distance by water is about seventy miles. Victoria is the seat of Government for the whole Province of British Columbia, as well as for the island.

The two views of Port Moody, shown in the Engravings at the upper side of the page, should be of great practical interest to the intending settler or emigrant to British Columbia; though it is a wild and uninhabited place, at present surrounded by dense forests of gigantic trees, with nearly impenetrable undergrowth, and only approached by one indifferent road from New Westminster, made six months since in the place of the old Indian trail—a place in which the only signs of civilisation to be seen are the little wooden house depicted in our Sketch, with its landing-place for the accommodation of a few Indian fishing-canoes, and a rough wooden quay at the spot where the railway is to start from which will join the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts in Canadian territory. Port Moody is, however, in all human probability, destined to acquire great commercial importance. Admiral Richards, who was charged with the survey of these waters in 1858, says respecting Burrard Inlet, "It is the first great harbour which indents the shores of British Columbia . . . the entrance is well marked, and is extremely easy of access to vessels of any size and class." From this spot to the open sea is about ten miles. The harbour, as may be seen from the Sketches, is completely landlocked, and there is a depth of water for the largest vessels to come alongside any quays which at a future time may be built; while there is sufficient level ground on shore for a convenient site for a large town. Whether the actual terminus of the great railway will be at the spot selected by our Artist, or a few miles lower down the inlet, near English Bay, and consequently nearer the open sea, is a question to be solved by future events or by individual or local enterprise; but so far as the railway has been surveyed and determined upon to the present time it is to start on its eastward course from Port Moody; and the extreme eastern portion of the Dominion of Canada is confidently expected to be joined with the Atlantic at Halifax, Quebec, and Montreal in the year 1887. By this route the most direct passage to China and Japan from the East both for trade and travellers will be afforded, since all trading vessels between North America and China have to come as far north as this latitude in their course to and from San Francisco, which at present has the monopoly of almost the whole trade of the Pacific, both North and South. In addition to this advantage, near English Bay, a few miles from Port Moody, lies a most valuable coal seam, while directly opposite, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, is Nanaimo, where coal is found and worked to a considerable extent.

The two sketches of the grand scenery of the Fraser River occupy the rest of the page. The first is taken from the steamer approaching the town of New Westminster from the sea; and the second from the residence of the Bishop, beautifully situated on the north river-bank, just above the town. This river takes its rise far up in the Rocky Mountains, some six hundred miles from the sea; and, after receiving tribute from the Blackwater, Quesnelle, Thompson, and many smaller streams, forces its way through great rifts and gorges in the Cascade Range, forming the famous canyons of the Fraser; after which it pursues its devious way to the coast for some seventy miles, through what was doubtless once an estuary, but which has gradually filled up with sedimentary deposits, forming low-lying but extremely rich and productive lands. In magnitude and importance it is second only, on the north-west coast of America, to the Columbia River; and, being at this point only four miles from the probable terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, there can be no doubt that it is destined at no distant period to become one of the chief outlets for the products of a great country. But the waters of the Fraser, not less than its banks, possess riches of their own; an immense number of salmon run up the river; and "canning" establishments, with capacity to pot up fish to the value of £200,000 sterling in the season forms the chief industry of New Westminster. Unfortunately for sportsmen, the salmon in these waters can in no place be induced to take the fly; yet in the brackish water near the mouth of the river they are frequently caught by trolling with a spoon-bait. Isaak Walton himself would be unable to land one by any legitimate art in these waters.

The Indians are very numerous, but peaceable and domesticated; nearly all the fishing is done by them, and their long painted canoes form a very picturesque sight. During the recent visit of the Governor-General and Princess Louise, in September, Indians held in their honour, at New Westminster, a torchlight procession of about two hundred canoes, on that part of the river in front of the town. The accompanying Sketch is taken from the house of Bishop Sillitoe, recently appointed to the new bishopric, who entertained the party on the occasion. The church depicted in the foreground is the Episcopal Church, which boasts the only peal of bells in the country, presented by Lady Burdett-Coutts some years ago.

The Bishop of Lichfield has been presented with a pastoral staff, subscribed for by the clergy of the diocese.



1. Port Moody: View looking down the Harbour.

2. Port Moody, the probable terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

3. The Fraser River: View from the Bishop's house at New Westminster.

4. The Fraser River: View on approaching New Westminster.

SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: PLACES VISITED BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.



SKETCHES IN EGYPT: COURTYARD OF A HOUSE AT CAIRO.

OBITUARY.

SIR G. R. PHILIPS, BART.

Sir George Richard Philips, second Baronet, of Weston, county Warwick, M.A., on the 22nd ult., at his seat, near Shipston-on-Stour, aged ninety-three. He was born Dec. 23, 1789, the only son of Sir George Philips of Weston, created a Baronet in 1828, and was grandson of Mr. Thomas Philips of Sedgley, the third son of Mr. John Philips of Heath House, Staffordshire. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; sat in the House of Commons for Steyning, 1820 to 1832, for Kidderminster from 1835 to 1837, and for Poole, 1837 to 1852, always advocating the Liberal measures, and served as High Sheriff for Warwickshire in 1869. He married, Nov. 18, 1819, Sarah Georgiana, eldest daughter of Richard, second Lord Waterpark, and by her (who died Sept. 19, 1874) had three daughters—viz., Juliana Cavendish, widow of Adam, second Earl of Camperdown, Emily Jane, widow of Robert Shapland, Lord Carew, K.P., and Louisa Georgiana, who married, in 1847, James, fourteenth Earl of Caithness, and died in 1870.

MR. STIRLING-CRAWFURD.

Mr. William Stuart Stirling-Crawfurd, of Milton, county Lanark, J.P. and D.L., so well known on the turf, died at Cannes on the 23rd ult. He was born Nov. 29, 1819, the only child of Captain William Stirling, 1st Dragoon Guards, who was sixth son of William Stirling, of Keir, by Jean, his second wife, daughter of Sir John Stuart, of Castlemilk. In descent from this Jean Stuart, his grandmother, Mr. Stirling-Crawfurd succeeded to the estate of Milton, and took his second surname. He married, Jan. 22, 1876, Caroline Agnes, third daughter of John, second Lord Decies, and widow of James, fourth Duke of Montrose, K.G.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Alexander Macbean, H.M. Consul for West Tuscany and the district of Rome, on the 26th ult.

General George Macdonald, at Torquay, on the 1st inst., in his ninety-ninth year.

Mr. Thomas Chandless, Q.C., on the 22nd ult., at 45, Harewood-square, in his eighty-fifth year. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn in 1822, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1851.

Captain Ward, R.N., of Slingsby, Yorkshire, at the advanced age of ninety-three. He was one of the very few surviving officers who took part in the battle of Trafalgar. He was a midshipman on board the Victory.

Matilda, Dowager Lady Massy, widow of Hugh Hamon, fourth Lord Massy, youngest daughter of Mr. Luke White, of Woodlands, and sister of Henry, first Lord Annaly, at Milford House, Limefick, on the 27th ult., aged eighty-four.

Mr. Richard Ingram Dansey, late 2nd Battalion 60th Rifles, on the 27th ult., at Woodville, St. Saviour's-road, Jersey, aged sixty-eight. The Danseys, of whom Mr. R. I. Dansey was the representative, ranked with the most ancient families in Herefordshire.

Lady Elizabeth Dickins, only daughter of Charles, first Marquis of Northampton, and sister of Spencer Joshua Alwyne, second Marquis, at Coolhurst, Horsham, on the 2nd inst., in her ninety-second year. She married, Feb. 18, 1829, Mr. Charles Scrase Dickins, and was left a widow in July, 1875.

Mr. William Robertson-MacDonald, of Kinlochmoidart, in the county of Inverness, J.P. and D.L. for that shire and for Argyleshire, on the 22nd ult., in his eighty-second year. He was eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel David Robertson (son of Dr. William Robertson, Royal Historiographer for Scotland), by Margaretta Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart, his wife, sister and heiress of Colonel Donald MacDonald, Governor of Tobago.

The Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, M.A., J.P., Canon of Lincoln, Rural Dean and Rector of Epworth, youngest son of Robert, second Viscount Melville, by Anne, his wife, daughter and coheir of Dr. Richard Huck Saunders, on the 24th ult. He was born Sept. 11, 1806, and was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, Aug. 1, 1833, Louisa Maria, eldest daughter of Sir William Boothby, Bart., and leaves several children. His eldest son, Henry, is now heir-presumptive to the viscounty of Melville.

SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

Our Artist who was not long since employed in delineating the picturesque features of native Egyptian life and manners, with the ordinary aspects of Cairo and the other Mohammedan towns of that interesting land of the Nile, furnishes the Sketch of a party assembled to witness the performance of snake-charmers, in the courtyard of a large house in the city. This is a scene peculiarly characteristic of the popular taste for marvellous and amusing entertainments; and the domestic architecture of Cairo, as well as the costume of the people, is very faithfully represented by our Artist in this genuine illustration of their common social life. Our readers must again be referred, for a more particular description, to Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's capital little book on "Egypt" (one of the "Foreign Countries" series published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.), in which they will find a good account of the interior of the wealthy citizen's mansion. Entering through the arched gateway, he says, we are in a good-sized court, open to the sky, with rooms all round it, a well in the corner, a tree in the centre, and water-jars cooling in the shade. The guest-chamber looking into the court, and a large hall private to the family, raised to an entresol level, are the chief rooms of the house, the dining-room and drawing-room, as it were, having windows that are usually screened with curious lattice blinds of finely carved woodwork, admitting both light and air. The window-seats are furnished with mattresses and cushions, upon which the ladies can sit and amuse themselves with a view of the passing scene below; higher up, there are often windows of coloured glass, set in ornamental plaster. The master of the house, upon festive occasions, will invite a company of friends and neighbours into his courtyard to share the amusement he has provided for his family in the feats of hired dancers, singers, or conjurors, accompanied with instrumental music. The exhibition of tame serpents, which are perfectly harmless, and which show much docility under instruction, while their movements are singularly graceful and beautiful, has always been a favourite pastime of the Eastern nations.

No serious blame is attached by the Wreck Commissioner to the officers either of the Kirby Hall or the City of Brussels steamers in connection with the collision at the mouth of the Mersey, by which the latter vessel was sunk. The Kirby Hall was said to be insufficiently manned; and the master was to some extent in default for not stopping more promptly on hearing the whistle of the other steamer, but not so much as to warrant dealing with his certificate.

TO CO

All communications relating to this Editor, and have the v

S Bourget (Tunis).—Your solutions too late for acknowledgment in the D M (Gloucester).—A very pretty p G W M (Manchester).—We will refer you next week.

T R D (Worthing).—None of your p A S P (Cyprus).—Your solutions of of 2031 you have, apparently, over

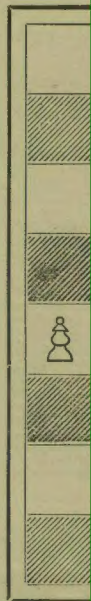
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CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS N of No. 2034 from Emile Frau a (Croydon), W Scott, Nellie, J R (B Carpenter (Beckenham), W W N (Wolfenbüttel), James Wilson, and

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM N Nerina, I Sharswood, Ernest Sha Thorpe, R H N B, A W Scruton, Donald Mackay, Benjamin George reth, Hereward, Brother Bob, E C C S Wo d, E Loudon, Ben Nevis, C C M (Dundee), Otto Fuld, r (Gh Snatch, M O'Halloran, H Ingers Rudman, Julia Short, J B (Bly S Bullen, Thomas Waters, I Hall Kyngdon, G S Oldfield, Hoffman, Saint-Cass Milson, J Pharaoh.



An off-hand may add comment

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